THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WE cannot pretend to be surprised at the fact that the Unionist journals seem almost inclined to charge Providence with being unfriendly to their party and their cause. At the present moment there are no fewer than six vacancies in the House of Commons, five of which have been caused by death and one by the exercise of patronage by the Government. All of these vacancies happen to be for seats which have hitherto been filled by supporters of the Ministry. It is hardly wonderful that the Ministerialists are inclined to complain of their bad luck. Some of the vacant seats are, however, avowedly Conservative in character—such, for example, as that for the City of London—and the Government and their friends will therefore be able to rejoice over an easy victory. The case is different with regard to other constituencies, however; and it is highly probable that this miniature General Election will not be fought without some losses to the Ministerial party. Both sides might, perhaps, have been content at the present moment to forego the labour and excitement of contested elections in view of the fact that a General Election is now within measurable distance. But our political affairs have reached a point at which there is not only no possibility of compromise, but no excuse for evading a direct trial of strength between the two parties in the State. We shall, therefore, for some weeks to come be plunged into the turmoil of an unusual number of contested elections.

LORD KIMBERLEY has assumed the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Lords in succession to LORD GRANVILLE. The appointment is a temporary one. In existing circumstances it has been felt to be expedient by the Liberal Peers to make as small a change as possible in existing arrangements. The next General Election will settle many things, and among others the question of the leadership of the House of Lords. As LORD KIMBERLEY had always acted as leader of his party during the temporary absences of LORD GRANVILLE, it was felt that no better selection for the post of temporary leader could be made. Although not so well known to the general public as some other members of his party, LORD KIMBERLEY is known to his friends and political associates as one of the very ablest men in public life.

MR. MORLEY'S amendment to the Land Bill, which was under discussion in the House of Commons on Thursday and Friday, is one of the most important proposals yet made in connection with that measure. That the credit of a locality shall not be pledged without the consent of the inhabitants, ought—we might well suppose—to be a principle recognised by Liberals of every class. But Liberals like MR. CHAMBERLAIN (once the apostle of local rights) refuse this simple concession to justice when it has to be made in an Irish county; and a traitor like MR. PARNELL, rather than see any service rendered to Ireland by a Liberal leader, is prepared to resist a proposal which he has hitherto strenuously supported.

THE defeat of the Government on Friday week on the question of the opium traffic with China has placed all parties, except the genuine opponents of opium culture, in an awkward position. If the resolution of the House were to be carried into effect, a most serious loss to the revenue of the Indian Government would necessarily be incurred. SIR ROBERT FOWLER has proposed to move an amendment which would compel this country to make good the loss to India; and this is unquestionably the fair and logical outcome of such a resolution as that adopted by the House on the motion of SIR JOSEPH PEASE. But many of those who supported SIR JOSEPH are not prepared to follow him in accepting SIR ROBERT FOWLER'S amendment. On the other hand, a statement made by the Speaker on Monday evening showed that by the formalities of procedure in the House the resolution carried by SIR JOSEPH PEASE against the Government, whatever its moral weight may be, has no operative effect. Whilst we heartily concur in the attempt to limit the opium trade, with a view to its eventual suppression, it is impossible to fail to recognise in the difficulty which has now arisen one of the results of the attempt to deal with questions of this description by means of abstract resolutions.

THERE is no need to speculate upon the painful announcements which have been made during the present week with regard to two members of Parliament, both of whom had been held in much respect by their political associates—CAPTAIN E. H. VERNEY and MR. DE COBAIN. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of both of these gentlemen, against the former on a charge of being concerned in a plot for decoying an Englishwoman to France for an immoral purpose, and against the latter on a still more terrible accusation. CAPTAIN VERNEY has returned from abroad to face his accusers; but MR. DE COBAIN seems to have fled from justice—a very ominous fact. At the same time it is only fair to remember that accusations like these brought against CAPTAIN VERNEY and MR. DE COBAIN are precisely those which are most terrifying to nervous men, whether innocent or guilty, and that at present not a particle of evidence has been offered in support of either charge. The melancholy business has naturally cast a gloom over the House of Commons.

IT is painful to see a man of the high character of SIR HENRY JAMES "beating the drum ecclesiastic" with a persistency equal to that of the most violent of Orangemen. To attempt to make political capital out of old sectarian hatred, as SIR HENRY JAMES did in his speech to the Liberal Unionists last Tuesday, is distinctly discreditable. Every kind of argument has been pressed during the past five years into the service of those who are anxious to maintain the present system of Orange ascendency in Ireland; but the worst of all arguments has been the "No Popery" cry. For the credit of Englishmen we trust that SIR HENRY JAMES will prove to be an exception to the rule in his party, and that the most bitter opponent of the Liberal policy will hesitate before he attempts to re-light the fires of religious bigotry and sectarian persecution.

IT is amazing to see the blunders committed by clever men. LORD STALBRIDGE is not only an important member of the Unionist party, but the Chairman of the London and North Western Railway

Company. He is also a man of distinct ability. Yet he forgot himself so far as to address a letter to the Chairman of the Committee of Selection in the House of Commons, complaining of the fact that certain members, whom he regarded as unfriendly to the railway interest, had been placed upon the Joint Committee of the two Houses to consider the question of railway rates. The House of Commons is justly jealous of any attempt to interfere with its privileges, and LORD STALBRIDGE'S foolish action has been resented with proper spirit by the members of the Lower House. What is surprising is the fact that it never seems to have occurred to LORD STALBRIDGE, who has had so large an experience as a member of Parliament, that in writing to the Chairman of the Committee of Selection on such a subject, and in subsequently publishing the correspondence, he was directly infringing one of those privileges of Parliament which are most precious in the eyes of members.

THE scheme of Federation adopted by the Convention of Australia on Wednesday week verifies the principal prediction in the letter we publish to-day from our correspondent in Australia. Customs Union has been adopted, but deferred until the framing of a uniform tariff—an arrangement which gives time for the other members of the Union to overtake Victoria. The choice of a capital has been postponed. The plan he mentions of locating different Federal institutions in different towns is doubtless suggested by the Swiss arrangement, under which the Legislature sits at Berne and the Supreme Court at Lausanne; but in the main the Federal scheme follows English and American models, the former by preference. Thus, while there is to be a Senate and House of Representatives, elected much on the American plan, there is the English system of Cabinet Government; there is to be a Supreme Court (though in some cases an appeal will be possible to the Privy Council) which it is to be hoped will stand as high as its American prototype; and the *plébiscite* has been definitely rejected, for the election of the Governor-General and even for the adoption or amendment of the Constitution. Marriage law is among the thirty-one subjects reserved for the Federal Legislature, as well as defence, bank-note issue, and apparently taxation. The Colonies gain a step in rank, and appear as "States." The scheme now awaits the approval of the Colonial Legislatures and the Imperial Parliament. The scheme seems an admirable attempt to satisfy the claims of nationality without seriously interfering with the English connection, and its adoption will doubtless mark a new era in the history of the Empire.

GEOGRAPHICAL necessities nullify the devices of statesmen. The Canadian Pacific Railway was built largely out of public funds to secure the national unity of the Dominion. The Intercolonial—geographically its continuation to the Atlantic—has been practically superseded by a shorter route through Maine. It has at last secured access to New York, and now it has acquired an outlet into Minnesota, which will be convenient in the future either for Restricted or Unrestricted Reciprocity—though it is reported that the United States Treasury is about to hamper railway traffic between the States and Canada by withdrawing the permission now given to affix consular seals to through freight-cars.

AN old question is revived in a new form by the proposal to lay a line for tramcars across Westminster Bridge and down the Embankment as far as Charing Cross. All the people who do not use tramcars—that is to say, the wealthier and more fashionable portion of the community—seem to be united in opposition to this proposal; whilst it is supported no less strongly by those to whom tramcars are a convenience, if not a necessity. No one can pretend that the tramcar is a beautiful object, or that its appearance on the Thames Embankment will increase the attractions of that noble thoroughfare. But, after all, the Embankment was laid out for the benefit of the people of London as a whole, and not for that of a comparatively limited class, and it is difficult to see how Parliament can withhold its sanction from a scheme which, without inflicting real injury upon anyone, must be of distinct advantage to the public in general.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 3 per cent. to 3½ per cent. The change was rendered necessary by the drain of gold which has set in. During the week ended Wednesday night as much as £645,000 of the metal had been withdrawn for Russia; and although it is believed that, for the moment, the Russian demand is satisfied, it is known that the Russian Government has a very large sum standing to its credit with MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD here, and, therefore, it may at any moment take further considerable sums. In addition, gold has been going from New York to Berlin for several weeks past, and already the drain is beginning to cause apprehension there and to raise rates. The Imperial Bank of Germany is, moreover, desirous of strengthening itself. And it is feared that the Portuguese Tobacco Monopoly issue which is about to be made in Paris may lead to withdrawals of gold for Paris. Over and above all this, it is to be recollected that next month there will be the usual withdrawals of gold from London for Scotland. But the reserve of the Bank of England is so low already that it cannot afford to lose very much more of the metal. It is to be hoped therefore that the Directors will take energetic measures to make the 3½ per cent. rate effective, and so succeed in protecting their reserve. The price of silver has once more fallen this week to $44\frac{9}{16}$d. per ounce. The Indian demand continues unusually small for the season of the year, there is no Continental demand, and the American speculators are defeated in their efforts by the gold withdrawals and the disturbance they have caused in the Money Market.

THE gold withdrawals, the very grave news from the Argentine Republic, the revived rumours respecting political troubles upon the Continent, and the threatened break-up of the Western Railway Association in the United States, have all combined to check speculation upon the Stock Exchange and bring about a fall. Moreover, there are grave fears of financial troubles in Paris. It is known that several of the banks there are gravely embarrassed, and it is apprehended that some of them before long will be subjected to a run. Last week it looked as if the great operators in New York had come to the conclusion that the worst effects of the Argentine and Baring crisis had passed, and that they were strong enough now to manipulate the American market, and bring about a very considerable rise. MR. JAY GOULD in particular was credited with a resolve to engineer such arrangements as would induce the public to believe that a new era of prosperity for the Railways was setting in. But the Railroad Association meeting at Chicago has damped all these anticipations. In particular MR. JAY GOULD failed to put in an appearance. It is true that he pleads ill-health, but the plea is not generally believed. Other delegates also stayed away, with the result that during the first two days a quorum was not formed. In consequence there has been a fall in New York which has been reflected here in London. The state of the Labour question, too, is affecting the Home Railway Market, and Consols have given way in consequence of dearer money. The truth, of course, is that the consequences of the late crisis continue to make themselves felt, and that, in spite of combinations and syndicates, efforts to keep up unsound speculation must fail.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THE VILLAGE.

FRIENDS of the old English parish scored a triumph last Tuesday. It is true that the votes of thirty-four Liberal Unionists enabled the Government to defeat Mr. Arthur Acland's motion for Parish Councils by the narrow majority of thirty-three; but the Liberal party officially declared itself in favour of village Parliaments on a Democratic basis, and even Mr. Ritchie was forced to admit that the rehabilitation of the township, in some form or another, was an essential part of any complete scheme of Local Government. Mr. John Morley, in seconding Mr. Acland's motion, tacitly paid a well-deserved compliment to one of the few private members who have really made a mark in this Parliament; but it is a pity that Mr. Morley did not see his way to taking part in the debate. There is scarcely any question on which the guidance of statesmanship is more required than that of local self-government in the rural districts.

In spite of the glibness with which certain catch-phrases are repeated, few subjects are really more difficult than the reform of the complicated tangle of English local administration. Upon what principles the new councils should be established, what duties should be assigned to them, what powers can be entrusted to the future Parliaments of peasants—all these are points upon which leadership is urgently needed. It would be idle to ignore the fact that members of the Liberal party are complaining, with some bitterness and not a little justification, that the party leaders are prone to leave to the younger members all the "thinking-out" of difficult problems upon which it is high time that the party made up its mind. It is all very well to declare for District and Parish Councils, but what kind of things do we mean by these terms? To this question last Tuesday's debate went far to supply an answer.

It is clear, in the first place, that we mean Village rather than District Councils. Mr. Ritchie's Bill of 1888 proposed to create only District Councils, and it was commonly assumed that these would be about equal in area to the Poor Law Union. But England and Wales is divided into only 647 Poor Law Unions, whereas there are 14,827 separate parishes. Some of these parishes are mere shreds and patches on the map, containing only a few dozen inhabitants. But it was abundantly clear on Tuesday that every parish of a certain size must have its own council, and that the grouping of parishes must not be carried further than is absolutely necessary. The Liberal Local Government Bill will create not 600 but nearer 10,000 local councils. The "Village Hampden" will at last get his chance, and no longer be driven into the towns from sheer lack of interest in the place of his birth. A local Parliament in every village is the Liberal policy of rural administration. Nor is the decision less clear as to the constitution of these Village Councils. It is already evident that they must be formed entirely in a Democratic way. There will be no nominated or ex-officio members—unless, indeed, the County Councillor of the district is given a place in them. They must be elected either annually or triennially, without property or rating qualification, by the whole population of the parish. It would, indeed, be well, in addition, to turn the existing Easter Vestry, now almost obsolete, into a quarterly evening meeting of the whole village, free to discuss any subject whatever, but with power only to pass recommendations for consideration by the Parish or County Councils. This would virtually be a revival of the old Town Meeting, which still works so efficiently in New England. The more local discussion we can arouse in our villages, the better chance there is of awakening local life.

But the Village Councils thus elected would vary in importance from the petty committee of a village with not more than one hundred families up to the virtually municipal organisation of a populous "urban sanitary authority." The number of members on each council, the duties to be assigned to it, and the powers to be exercised by it, would naturally vary according to the circumstances of each case. Outside the municipal boroughs we have, at present, a complicated system of rural sanitary authorities, rural sanitary authorities possessing urban powers, and urban sanitary authorities. These three grades have different functions and varying powers. The Local Government Board is empowered to promote any locality from one class to another, and this power is usually exercised when a demand is made from the locality in question. It seems desirable to follow this useful precedent for our Village Councils. All parishes under, say, 2,000 population would receive, at first, only minimum powers, higher functions being given only to the larger parishes, or when locally demanded. Perhaps it would be well to substitute the County Council for the Local Government Board as the enfranchising body.

But whatever extra powers are given to the larger parishes, it seems indispensable that all should enjoy the right of action under the Allotments Acts and the Housing Acts. Even the smallest parish needs allotments, and the Village Council must have power to obtain land for this purpose (subject, perhaps, to an appeal to the County Council), and to let it out to tenants at fair rents. This is a reform which can nowadays scarcely be openly resisted. But in thousands of villages there is a need more urgent even than that of allotments. At present, in nearly all the South and West of England, the labourer is a mere weekly tenant of a cottage belonging either to the farmer or the squire. He is liable to have his few sticks turned on to the road at the first sign of independence. In Ireland the Boards of Guardians build, own, and let labourers' cottages under special statutory powers. Not until similar powers are conferred on English Parish Councils will the great mass of our farm labourers be decently housed; not until they can become the tenants of a public body will they be able to make any effective stand against that levelling down of wages for which every farmer is, as Adam Smith remarked, in a permanent tacit conspiracy.

The most crying need of the agricultural labourer is, indeed, more Freedom. What he demands is some protection from the four-fold power over him, now often in the same or allied hands. The magistrate, the employer, the landlord, and the Poor Law Guardian constitute a force which Hodge not unnaturally feels to be irresistible, even by the most ably administered of Labourers' Unions. The Village Council will accordingly become a new fulcrum for that voluntary organisation of labour which is the main hope of our more moderate reformers. It will for the first time make possible in the rural villages the genuine free life which has been gained by the sturdy handicraftsmen of the Northern towns.

Some of Mr. Acland's opponents last Tuesday laid stress upon the danger of giving to councils of illiterate and inexperienced men far-reaching powers of collective expenditure. Some powers of rating even the smallest Village Council must have, if it is to become a living entity in the Constitution. But it would be quite possible to do what is done in several of our colonies—namely, to fix a statutory maximum which the rate levied by the Village

Council should not exceed. Here, again, the parishes might be divided into classes according to population, with power to the County Council to promote from one class to another.

All this Democratic government of the village, by the village, for the village, appears to be profoundly distasteful to superior persons such as Mr. Hobhouse and his friends. Instead of it, they offer Hodge District Councils, on which he can no more sit (without payment of members) than on the County Councils. It is difficult to see what advantage is to be gained by removing the Council just far enough away from the cottage doors to destroy the possibility of genuine local control, and at the same time, not taking it far enough to secure even such administrative ability and newspaper publicity as the County Councils now command. Nor is it easy to see what functions remain for the District Councils, now that the Liberal Party has suddenly "gone solid" for granting wide functions to village or parish councils. The most appropriate area for the District Council has at first sight always seemed to be that of the Poor Law Union. But the Union areas cut right across municipal boundaries; Leeds, for instance, is in three Poor Law Unions, each including a large slice of the neighbouring county. It is, however, not proposed by any competent authority that the Village Council should deal with Poor Relief —an arrangement which would promptly land us in all the demoralising horrors of the old Poor Law. The District Council, outside the Metropolis, may therefore simply be a new name for the Board of Guardians, whose election arrangements sadly need reform. Any other necessary intermediary between the County and the Village Council may, perhaps, better be supplied by the County Council delegating local functions to standing committees composed of its own members for the localities in question.

This multiplicity of questions, each admitting of a diversity of treatment, shows how much has yet to be settled before Local Government Reform can be extended to the villages. It is now evident that this task is to be abandoned to the incoming Liberal Administration. It is, therefore, high time that some definite proposals were formulated (preferably in a Front Bench Bill), upon which the party, as a whole, may agree. Towards that work last Tuesday's debate was an important contribution; and it may well prove, in Liberal policy, to be the point of a notable new departure.

THE WORK OF THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

THE Royal Commission on Labour, which has been already so much delayed, is in no great hurry to begin work. Even the preliminary meeting of the heterogeneous body of Commissioners is postponed until next week. Few regular meetings can now be held before the Whitsuntide recess. Real work will scarcely get under weigh until the autumn, when, as several of the Commissioners hope, systematic and frequent meetings will be held. The fact is that there is as yet no plan for the operations of the Commission. Lord Hartington has been frankly confessing that he has no ideas at all on the subject. The Labour representatives are in a state of animated expectancy, and they will wait for an expression of the views of the other side. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who, as the only Cabinet Minister, may be expected to take the lead in defining the scope of the Commission's work, has, up to now, formed no better plan than that of calling as the first witness the much-abused Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade to discourse on the recent strikes. Lord Derby intends to get in the subject of National Insurance, Mr. Livesey will bring forward Profit-sharing, and Sir Frederick Pollock is reported to be itching to turn into a very succinct code indeed the law relating to picketing and Trade Union conspiracies. The whole matter lies, at present, in hopeless confusion, and if the Commission is to be of any use at all, some definite plan of action must be laid down at the preliminary meeting and rigorously adhered to.

The terms of the reference to the Commissioners are sufficiently wide to cover an inquiry into the whole confused mass of problems known as the Labour Question. They are to investigate the relations between employers (including combinations of employers) and those whom they employ (including the combinations of these latter). This obviously opens up the whole policy of Trade Unions on the one hand, and such combinations of employers as the Shipping Federation on the other. The whole question of individual *versus* collective bargaining for the hire of labour will be at issue. Profit-sharing, sliding scales, and piece-work will have to be dealt with. Blacklisting, "chair-marking," workshop fines, and other forms of industrial tyranny will need to be investigated. Then there will remain the great question of the hours of labour. Indeed, the whole subject of amending the Labour Laws (including the Factory Acts) might fairly have claimed a Royal Commission all to itself.

Lord Hartington would do well to submit to his fellow Commissioners at their first meeting a careful analysis of the subjects with which they will have to deal. Before taking up any special points in the relations between employers and employed, the general character of those relations had better be considered. The Commission might first ascertain the advantages and disadvantages of the organisation of workers into Trade Unions, and of masters into analogous combinations. The functions of local Trades Councils on the one hand, and of Chambers of Commerce on the other, might receive attention. This would lead up to an investigation into Boards of Conciliation and other expedients for promoting industrial peace. It is to be hoped that the Commission will show us how to extend and promote what is good in all these organisations, and especially how to bring within their benefits the women workers, the low-class male labourers, and the "garret masters"—that is to say the sweaters and the sweated—who are at present virtually excluded from them. The completion of the industrial revolution necessarily involves the general organisation of industry.

Allied to the question of the organisation of industry is that of intermittent *versus* regular employment of labour. The Commission might usefully compare the effect upon the population of the irregular employment given by the London Dock Companies with the regularly brigaded armies marshalled by our railway companies. This would lead to the vexed problem of long-term engagements of labour, such as Mr. Livesey introduced for the South Metropolitan Gas Company two years ago. Here the men of the North could tell the Commissioners a great deal which the men of the South need to know. From this point the transition would be easy to systems of profit-sharing and other forms of systematically adjusting wages. The various schemes lately described in the Board of Trade return need the elucidation and criticism of such witnesses as Mr. David F. Schloss and leading Trade Unionists. Some form of sliding scale may easily appear preferable to any bonus or profit-sharing system, and the Commissioners ought to get Dr. Spence Watson and Mr. L. L. F. R. Price to

give them the latest news upon the working of these automatic regulators of wages. Under this head, too, would come the question of pension schemes, provident funds, and plans for national insurance after the German pattern. Upon all these the Trade Unionists will have much to say.

But besides the points connected with wages, there are those relating to the hours of labour. The Commission will not deal with the hours of Railway Servants, on which a Select Committee is sitting. But the whole agitation for a general Eight Hours Day will necessarily come up for critical examination. Such questions as the possibility and desirableness of determining a standard day throughout each industry or group of industries may well repay examination. No doubt the advocates of a universal Eight Hours Day will also want to be heard. Finally, the issue as between Trade Union rule or Act of Parliament ought to be dealt with by the Commission.

Working men often complain more of what they call the tyranny of employers and foremen than they do of low wages or long hours. Employers, too, are more apt to grumble at the restrictive rules imposed by trade unions than at any rise in wages. Both these grievances will naturally come up before the Commission. "Blacklisting" in the large industries, "chairmarking" in the London cab trade, will have to be elucidated and criticised. It will be well worth while, on the other hand, to ascertain whether there is any truth in the allegations that the coercion of strong Trade Unions hampers trade. Disciplinary fines and their relation to the Truck Acts will, too, need investigation.

The whole subject of the law relating to labour combinations will certainly be brought in by Sir Frederick Pollock, if by no other Commissioner. But besides this branch of legislation, the Employers' Liability Acts, the Truck Acts, and much of the Factory Acts, might usefully be examined. Some of the Commissioners are strongly biassed in favour of "free labour," and whatever the Commission, as a whole, reports about Trade Unions, we may expect a demonstration from an energetic minority in favour of such an alteration of the law as would virtually put down both picketing and the boycott, and render strikes virtually impossible. We may, however, be quite sure that Mr. Burt and his fellow Trade Unionists will be on their guard against any attempt to deprive the Unions of their hardly won position of legality, upon which Mr. Frederic Harrison will be a valuable witness.

It will be seen that whilst the work of the Commission is vast, it is not incapable of systematic arrangement. Whatever may be the issue, we trust that the work of collecting and sifting suitable evidence will be managed on some regular plan. It will be a fatal blot upon the proceedings of the Commission if these are left to chance, or abandoned to the whims of individual members. We do the Commissioners the credit of believing that they "mean business." Now they must show that they are capable, as a body, of grappling adequately with the complications of the most important problem of the day.

THE PENDING ELECTIONS.

THERE must be some "Separatist" conspiracy of mischance which has exposed the Government to attack in six constituencies. Members of Parliament are mortal like other men, but why should they die in such numbers on the Unionist side and not on the other? Happy is the Ministry which has no bye-elections, but this Administration is perfectly beset by them. Some while ago a Tory paper was rash enough to accept the description of three pending contests as "a miniature General Election." All three ended disastrously for the Government, and the Ministerial majority was in a single week reduced by six votes on a division. Ominously enough, that phrase about the "miniature" has been revived by forgetful Unionists, who are nevertheless extremely apprehensive of the fortunes of war. The intoxication of Aston Manor has passed off. One Government organ implores its readers not to dabble in political meteorology, nor to attach the smallest importance to the coming contests. We are constantly assured that the Government possess the unabated confidence of the country, yet there is all this anxiety to minimise the significance of these bye-elections, though one of the seats is in the very centre and capital of Toryism, and four of the others are in county divisions. If Unionism is so strong, if there is so much reason, as Sir Henry James assured the Liberal Union Club, why the supporters of the Government should be gratified by their position, what is the explanation of this undisguised uneasiness? The Union is safe in the City. An ingenious contemporary argues that, as the City was once Liberal, there must be something very dreadful in Mr. Gladstone to have alienated such an enlightened constituency. The alienation is of pretty old standing. It began when Mr. Gladstone declared that the City was "gorged with charity, bloated with charity," and hinted pretty plainly that the one unreformed corporation in the kingdom would have to be taken in hand. This was the Radicalism which frightened the City Fathers. They did not mind the easy-going Liberalism which flourished up to 1868, but they trembled for the "harassed interests" which figured in Disraeli's rhetoric in 1874. A community administered by Livery Companies, suspicious of inquiries into their funds, is not likely to be the perpetual flower of a robust democracy. It is more than doubtful whether even Mr. Chamberlain, tamed and chastened by association with unransomed landlords, would be acceptable as a candidate to Gog and Magog.

But the City is to have a Tory after its own heart, and to show its devotion to stability and wisdom by electing a bi-metallist. Why a politician who would make ducks and drakes of the currency should commend himself specially to a constituency which abhors your Radical who wants to pick the Constitution to pieces, is one of the secrets of Tory ascendancy. Mr. Hucks Gibbs will probably join the party of Mr. Howard Vincent, and combine Conservatism with revolutionary crotchets. But this cannot be the reason why the elections excite such ill-concealed panic in Unionist circles. They cannot be alarmed about Mid-Oxfordshire and South Dorset. Whitehaven is a little precarious, perhaps, and it seems rather mysterious to bring a candidate all the way from Glasgow; but Sir James Bain will be supported by the intellect and adroitness of Mr. James Lowther, and when were these qualities ever known to fail? The vacancy in Stowmarket is a trifle awkward, and in the Harborough division the Liberal candidate has been making alarming headway. But is there no saving magic left in the Union? Why does not Sir Henry James make a pilgrimage through these constituencies, and expound his sagacious views about the Catholic Church in Ireland? It is no use asserting that Home Rule means both Rome Rule and the domination of the dynamiters, so Sir Henry has dropped the Clan-na-Gael and the Special Commission, and taken up the platitudes of Orange piety. Why not try these in Harborough and Whitehaven? They are particularly characteristic

of the only true Liberalism. An outcry against the power of the Irish priesthood comes with a special grace from a Liberal who knows what part the same weapon played in the controversy about the disestablishment of the Irish Church. It would be glorious to win six elections with invective borrowed from the Rev. Dr. Kane. The split in the Irish party and the crimes of Popery ought to be an abundant stock-in-trade for Unionist candidates; but still they are not sanguine. The painful fact that the Government have gained one seat since 1886, coupled with the circumstance that they have lost nearly thirty votes on a division, seems to dash the spirits of these champions of the Constitution.

There is a reasonable presumption that if the Government is secure in the regard of the electorate, they will keep all these seats by increased majorities. It will not be enough to hold their own with difficulty. The *Spectator* argued the other day that because the Anti-Parnellite majority at Sligo was considerably smaller than at Kilkenny, it was plain that the Gladstonians had grave cause for misgiving. It would be as logical to argue that, if the Tory majority in each of the vacant divisions does not equal the Tory majority at Aston Manor, the Government may as well abandon all hope. We need not borrow this peculiar meteorology. But it is clear that if the Unionist majorities in half a dozen places are appreciably less than the majorities in 1886, it will not do to maintain that the Government are gaining ground. Five years ago they defeated a policy. Now, they have to be judged by their own performances. These may be extremely meritorious, but, so far, the drift of popular opinion does not seem likely to make "the miniature General Election" favourable to this view. If the five contested divisions were to return Ministerialists by thumping majorities, every Unionist journal would claim the figures as indisputable proofs of popularity. But, for some singular reason, the supporters of the Government are most anxious that the public shall not greatly concern itself with the results of these elections.

MORALITY—IN THE ABSTRACT.

THE House of Commons on Friday last week did a righteous thing, and having done it, seemingly straightway repented of its own virtue. The resolution which it carried, by a majority of thirty, against the legalisation of the opium manufacture in India, has been long before the world, and has commanded the approval of thousands of public speakers and writers. Sir Joseph Pease, with whose name the struggle against a traffic which inflicts incalculable injury upon no inconsiderable portion of the human race will always be associated, deserves to be congratulated upon a victory to which, in his case, there is no alloy. He has long been convinced that no consideration of high policy, no question of expediency, ought to stand in the way of the suppression of a business which everybody knows to be founded upon evil. But can we say as much of all those who went into the lobby with him? Can we even say as much of those who, by staying away, made the defeat of the Government certain? We fear that we cannot do so. Already, indeed, we see that some of our moralists of last week have passed from the hot fit to the cold. They shrink in horror from the notion that the country which has decreed that the mild Hindoo should no longer live by an iniquitous trade, shall compensate the revenue of India for the loss entailed upon it by this virtuous resolve. Now, if one thing is absolutely certain in connection with this miserable business of the opium traffic, it is that it is the duty of Great Britain to bear the cost of the act of virtue of which it can boast when it puts an end to that trade. How small a thing, indeed, would our morality be if it were a morality imposed upon other persons, to be carried out at their expense, not ours. We can hardly believe that there is a single member of the majority who would venture to assert that the proposal that this country shall make good the loss to the Indian revenue which was decreed last week, is not the only logical and equitable result of that resolution.

Our readers do not need to be told that we have no love for the present Government. Honestly believing it to be a bad Government, engaged in the maintenance of a most mischievous system founded upon injustice, we look forward with eagerness to the moment when it shall be dismissed from office; and in the meantime we cannot pretend to grieve over any reverses which may befall it, so long as they inflict no injury upon the honour or the highest interests of the nation. But we cannot pretend to feel any delight in the defeat of the Ministry last week, inasmuch as we fear that few of those who inflicted it were prepared to face the logical consequences of their own act. They were voting for morality in the abstract—a pleasant operation, but not always a safe one. Their victory suddenly gave to their resolution a practical character. They had demanded a certain thing, and lo! it has been placed in their hands. What will they do with it? Let them rest assured that it is not sufficient to forbid the Indian Government to profit by the cultivation of the poppy. They are bound in common justice, not merely to the Government, but to the people of India, to say how the lost revenue is to be made up; and, unless their morality is no better than that satirised in Hudibrastic verse, they are further bound to see that the unfortunate Hindoos are not made to pay for a virtue which was none of their seeking. All this is plain on the face of the question, and we candidly admit that it takes the gilt off the defeat of the Government yesterday week.

Then, do we uphold a trade demoralising in its character and fraught with injury to a vast community? That is the question which the moralist in the abstract is sure to put when anyone confronts him with the practical consequences of his own act of vicarious virtue. We reply that we no more defend the forcing of Indian opium upon the people of China than we would defend enforced dram-drinking in England. We admire Sir Joseph Pease for the persistence with which he has directed public attention to this particular evil in connection with our Indian Empire; we sympathise with those who are anxious to see that evil removed; but we must insist upon the fact that its removal leaves a heavy burden of responsibility, not to be evaded, upon the shoulders—of whom? Of the English Ministry, the Indian Government, the people of Hindostan? No; the responsibility falls necessarily upon the shoulders of those who have decreed this self-denying ordinance, whose love of morality in the abstract has led them to take a very serious step in practical politics. Are they prepared to face this responsibility? Or, having made their protest, will they allow it to be treated as an empty form, and leave matters to go on as they have done for so many years past? This is a serious question, and we confess that we hardly see what satisfactory answer can be given to it. If we take upon ourselves the cost of the loss of the revenue from opium we act in an honourable and consistent manner; but have we any reason to believe that the country generally will approve of the addition to the taxation which will be made necessary by our display of virtue? If, on the other hand, we leave the poverty-

stricken Indian tax-payers to pay the cost of *our* tribute to morality, we shall have little reason to be proud of ourselves, or satisfied with the manner in which we render homage to righteousness. Finally, if the whole thing is allowed to slide, can anybody believe that the cause of national morality will have been advanced by the adoption of another abstract resolution which no one ventures to put in force? We commend these questions and the ideas they suggest to the consideration of both parties in the House of Commons. To us it seems that the moral they teach is that no man should preach a morality which he is not prepared to practise at his own expense, and that, of all the methods of advancing the cause of virtue in national and international politics, the passing of abstract resolutions is probably the most doubtful.

THE CRASH IN ARGENTINA.

THE crash in the Argentine Republic seems at last complete—more complete, indeed, than even the most pessimist ventured to anticipate a little while ago. The National Government has had to suspend payment in cash of its guarantees, and the interest upon its debt for three years. The Provincial and Municipal Governments have all made default upon their debts; the National and the Provincial Banks—the two great banking institutions of the Republic—have had to suspend for two months payments to depositors, and the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres is unable to pay the interest upon the Cedulas issued by it. This means, of course, that the great majority of the borrowers are bankrupt, and are therefore unable to fulfil their contracts. The Hypothecary Bank has lent to the owners of houses and lands over three hundred million dollars, raising the money by Cedulas, which are mortgage bonds, the interest and sinking fund being provided out of the money stipulated to be paid by the borrowers to the bank; and as an additional security the Cedulas are guaranteed by the Province of Buenos Ayres. The majority of the owners of houses and lands who have borrowed these immense sums are unable to keep their engagements; the bank itself has no money with which to pay the interest; and as the Provincial Government cannot pay the interest on its own debt, of course it cannot fulfil its guarantees with regard to the Cedulas. It will be seen that the crash is utter, and it is difficult to see that much more can happen. The company which undertook to complete the waterworks has failed, and is just completing an arrangement with the National Government in accordance with which it sells to the Government those works. There is talk of the stoppage of the harbour works, and of course it is notorious that railway contractors are in serious difficulties—many of them will be unable to complete their contracts—while railway companies themselves are also seriously embarrassed. Most of the companies have received guarantees from either the National or the Provincial Governments. The Provincial Governments are utterly bankrupt, and are unable to fulfil their guarantees in any form. For the present, therefore, these guarantees are absolutely worthless. But the National Government, instead of paying in cash, is making good its guarantees by the issue of 6 per cent. bonds, the bonds at the present time selling in London for about 75. Practically, therefore, the National Government guarantees are worth only three-fourths of the nominal amount guaranteed, and it is evident that any railway companies which depend upon these guarantees for making good the interest upon their debentures are in a serious difficulty. Those which can pay the debenture interest may be unable to pay the preference dividend; and in the best case the ordinary shareholders will suffer. It is probable, then, that failures amongst contractors, railway companies, and the like, may occur from time to time. But practically it may be said that the crash is now complete, the whole of the Governments—National, Provincial, and Municipal—as well as the whole of the banks, being insolvent.

Of course, civil war may make matters even worse, but the hope is that civil war may be avoided, for General Mitre, who is the popular candidate in Buenos Ayres, and General Roca, who is the leader of the internal Provinces, have come to an understanding by which they are to maintain peace and to combine in the election of the new Administration. It is true that several generals, and the admiral of the fleet, have protested against this arrangement, and that the generals and admiral have been arrested. Our readers will hardly need to be reminded that the revolution last summer was preceded by military plots and the arrest of certain influential military officers. At the time we were all assured that these plots and arrests were not important, but they were quickly followed by an insurrection in Buenos Ayres and a change of Government. It is to be hoped that the experience will not be repeated. But we must not shut our eyes to the danger of political disturbances plunging the country into even a worse abyss. Will this general bankruptcy—for it is to be recollected that traders have failed in immense numbers, as well as the owners of houses and lands, the Governments, and the banks—will this general bankruptcy lead to repudiation and to such a state of things as has been witnessed in Peru for the last twenty years? That will depend very largely, we should think, upon the result of the coming presidential election. Both General Mitre and General Roca are well aware of the advantage to the country of maintaining its credit, and both, therefore, will do their utmost to keep faith with the public creditors. But if there should be another revolution, or if at the coming elections both General Mitre and General Roca should prove powerless to control the popular movement, then a repudiation Government may be installed. Assuming, however, that the coalition is strong enough to control the course of events and to secure the election of a President who will do his utmost to keep faith with the public creditors, there is no reason why Argentina should not ultimately emerge from its difficulties. But it seems certain that the public creditors must consent to compromise their claims. There can be no doubt at all that the owners of houses and lands in the Province of Buenos Ayres have borrowed too much. They are now somewhat in the position in which Irish landlords found themselves just after the great famine, when the Encumbered Estates Act had to be passed to sell them out. Of course, the Provincial Government cannot undertake to sell up the majority of the landowners in the Province—still less can it undertake to foreclose the mortgages, for that would mean a revolution; and that being so, it is evident that the holders of Cedulas will have to accept very much less than they were originally promised. As already stated, Cedulas have been issued for over 300 millions of dollars—that is, more than 60 millions sterling nominal value; which is evidently too much for a single Province, even though the province be the richest and best cultivated of the Republic. It is equally clear that the Provincial and Municipal Governments cannot pay what they have stipulated to pay. They have borrowed altogether beyond their resources. It seems probable, too, that the National Government's Debt and

guarantees are too heavy, and consequently the public creditor in that case also must submit to a compromise. The National Government need not, however, cut down its principal or interest so much as the Provincial and Municipal Governments must; and still less need it cut down so much as the Hypothecary Bank must in the case of the Provincial Cedulas. As soon, then, as the elections are over, and a Government is in office that has received a clear mandate from the people, and is able unquestionably to bind the Republic, the task of reorganising the debts of the nation, the provinces, the municipalities, and the banks, will have to be taken in hand.

But before that is accomplished, and in order that the country may recover from its paralysis, and once more become prosperous, it is absolutely essential that the whole banking system shall be reformed. Under the Celman Administration an Act was passed authorising the several provinces to establish State Banks, with right of note issue. The provinces took full advantage of the Act, borrowing in Europe for the purpose of founding the banks. The banks have been grossly mismanaged. They have been used partly as engines of political corruption, and partly as a means of reckless speculation by the political faction to which they owed their origin. The whole of them are now bankrupt, and only last week the two greatest of the banks—banks which had been established long before the Celman Administration—had to suspend for two months the payment of their deposits. The Government intends as soon as Congress meets to propose an amalgamation of the National and the Provincial Banks, forming a "Bank of the Republic," and giving it a monopoly of banking all over Argentina. It is part of the plan that the State Banks in the interior shall be turned into branches of this new bank. If the plan is wisely thought out, if capital can be attracted from Europe, and if European skill and independence can be induced to take the management of the new institution, it will doubtless prove of inestimable benefit to the Republic. It may then be hoped that the present paralysis of trade will be brought to an end, that both agriculturists and tradesmen will be able to get from the new institution the accommodation they need, and that slowly the Republic will emerge from its difficulties. But our readers will do well not to expect a very early recovery. A crash so utter must continue to be felt for years to come; and, besides, there are many difficult questions to be settled before European capital can be induced to engage in new Argentine undertakings. The losses during the past year or so have been too heavy to make men lightly engage in fresh risks, and therefore it will probably be a slow process to obtain the new capital and to get the proposed bank into working order.

ON GREEN BENCHES.

THE curious laxity of Parliamentary procedure, as this Government interprets it, has been illustrated in the double instance of Sir Joseph Pease's motion on the opium traffic and Mr. Acland's proposal to establish Parish Councils. Mr. Smith opposes the first, and is defeated; but only one division is taken, and Sir Joseph Pease's proposal is hung up, linked with a pious opinion of Mr. Smith's that the Government can hardly do anything to carry it out. Mr. Acland's motion is defeated by an amendment which Mr. Ritchie declines to support, and which he unsuccessfully endeavours to replace by another motion, which in turn he drops, again leaving a debate cut in two—the main proposal in the air, an unacceptable amendment carried, and a Laodicean Government in a strait twixt the two. Sir Joseph Pease's proposal is accepted, Mr. Acland's is rejected—as Mr. Smith said of the proposition that we ought to be moral without regard to money—"with limitations." To this "cauld Erastianism," as Cuddie Headrigg's mother would have said, have we come—thanks to Mr. Smith, who smiles and smiles—and abolishes moral and Parliamentary distinctions. All this genially. Mr. Smith is Mephistopheles in an apron, offering you your soul's price in excellent wares of Vanity Fair.

It is a pity that the Liberal opposition to the Land Purchase Bill is not more weightily conducted. The detailed criticism is much more destructive than Mr. Balfour would care to admit. It has demolished the guarantees, exhibited Mr. Balfour offering the Irish landlord a $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. stock against a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which is good enough for the holder of consols, and it has caught the Unionists in the act of committing profligate political perjury. But from the Parliamentary point of view it hardly touches the Irish Secretary's armour. Take Mr. Labouchere, for instance. One often wonders whether Mr. Labouchere is a help or a hindrance in the Parliamentary battle. He is a most brilliant, interesting, debonnair, alive person, who would be the best of lobbyists if he were not a trifle too fond of a joke, who is thoroughly loyal and interested in his work, and who, though he does not speak nearly so well as he writes, rarely fails to say some good things. Unfortunately, it is not the aim of effective Parliamentary criticism to say good things. The aim is a moral one—to impress the audience, and through it the country. Now, Mr. Labouchere does not impress anybody, as he ought to do His speech on Friday night was a second-reading speech—as Mr. Balfour, with an unkind cut at Mr. Courtney, sarcastically hinted—useful for the platform, ineffective in its time and place. Mr. Gladstone, saying very much less, and saying it more moderately, contrived in ten minutes to do more than Mr. Labouchere had done in three-quarters of an hour. The curious point is that Mr. Balfour, with very little real grasp of his Bill—especially of its financial side—has, by hard schooling, brought himself into nice touch with the House of Commons temper. To Mr. Labouchere's showy but light skirmishing he opposes the readiness of a debater, not too scrupulous, not too well informed, but possessing the absolute rightness of tone—there is no other way of expressing it—which is Mr. Gladstone's transcendent gift in a Parliamentary debate, and which the Irish Secretary is very cleverly borrowing from The Master. It is curious, indeed, that the one motto for the rising Parliamentarian to-day is—"Model yourself on Mr. Gladstone."

Mr. Labouchere is not happy in his associates. Mr. Seymour Keay is an Indian banker of experience, who has hit a genuine financial blot or two in the Bill, and stuck to his discovery with dogged sturdiness. But Mr. Keay's merits are not of the kind that appeal to over-nice tastes for an art which deals largely in half-tones and neutral tints. Mr. Keay's tones and tints are of the violent and primary order, and his voice may be briefly described as a tuneless irritant. Other difficulties have been the failure of several English Radicals to appreciate the Irish point of view on land purchase, or to treat it with the tenderness due to what is in this case perhaps a conflict of interests. On the whole, the debates on Land Purchase, though they may well have impressed the country, have not shaken the Government, or affected the chances of the Bill.

Young Liberalism made a much better face of it over Mr. Acland's motion on Parish Councils. Mr. Acland's speech and manner were admirable—beyond all criticism, in fact. Nothing so strong, so bold, and so well-informed, has been done in constructive politics since the earlier day when the House of Commons Radicals were a body representing most of the advanced political thinking of the day—the day of Fawcett, Courtney, Dilke. Mr. Acland spoke with

the knowledge of a man who is pleading for the people with whom he has spent his life, and he has a reasoned enthusiasm of humanity, which Sir Edward Grey very happily caught from his leader, in a singularly eloquent and well-spoken little address. The result was of the happiest. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Ritchie were neatly caught between their old professions of attachment to parish reform and the absence of any Government plan whatsoever. The division was good, the debate still better. The only disappointment was that Mr. Morley, instead of a speech, seconded Mr. Acland by simply raising his hat, and left Mr. Stansfeld to represent the Front Bench endorsement of the new constructive Radicalism.

The eclipse of Parnellism proceeds apace. Mr. Parnell made his first Parliamentary appearance since his downfall on Wednesday, with a vicious little speech, craftily designed to catch the Irish publican vote, but full of spurts of ill-temper, which it would have been better taste and tact to suppress. The Irish benches were crowded, and his enemies were on the alert. Mr. Parnell had in his best days a habit of slipping into slight gaucheries of speech, as well as into appalling inaccuracies of fact. On Wednesday he was undeniably nervous, and the ironical coldness of his reception disconcerted him. He allowed himself to make a strong statement as to the opinion of Cork City on the Bill. Sir Charles Russell rose to answer him, but Mr. Maurice Healy had risen too, and Sir Charles gave way, rather to the Speaker's disgust. Mr. Healy's speech was very short and sweet. "Neither on this question nor on any other does the hon. gentleman who has just sat down represent the City of Cork," said Mr. Healy, in his thin acrid voice; "and if he wishes to test the truth of that assertion, let him keep his pledge to his constituents." There was a storm of cheering at this truly magnificent bit of shillelagh practice, renewed when an exquisitely foolish speech of Dr. Fitzgerald's threw doubt on Mr. Healy's right to speak for the citizens of Cork. "Try it! try it!" yelled the Irishry, and Dr. Fitzgerald left the domestic side of Irish politics to hurl at the common enemy the crowning taunt that after having destroyed every form of Irish commerce he was about to crush "our last and only flourishing industry."

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week the rumours of international complications have temporarily died away, only to be replaced, however, by predictions of disturbances in connection with the labour demonstrations of May 1st. But for threatening letters and revolutionary proclamations Bulgaria is quiet—so quiet that the *Moscow Gazette* has the audacity to reassert, with circumstantial detail, the statement made in another quarter last week that M. Stambouloff himself instigated the murder of his colleague; the difficulty between Italy and the United States seems practically over; and the Italian Premier has again indicated that the Triple Alliance will be renewed, but has stated (in a conversation summarised in the *Times* of Tuesday) that he regards its importance as secondary to that of the good understanding at present maintained between Italy and England. The reported attempt on the Czar's life last week has been semi-officially contradicted; and the Speech from the Throne delivered by the Emperor of Austria at the opening of the Reichstag gives emphatic assurances as to the probability of the maintenance of peace.

But the approach of May has excited the liveliest apprehensions in more than one Continental country. In Belgium, indeed, the general strike is postponed till after the Chambers have refused to grant universal suffrage, as they assuredly will; and the employers are actively organising in their own defence. In France, too, the dissensions among the various sections of Socialists and Anarchists, which have already found expression at various disorderly meetings, will probably prevent any demonstration worthy of the name. But in Austria the Government has informed the large employers of labour that no suspension of work on May 1st will be permitted; and the police have orders to disperse any meeting which so much as discusses preparations to demonstrate. In Italy, too, all demonstration is forbidden by the Minister of the Interior, Signor Nicotera, himself once a Revolutionist; while in Spain considerable apprehension of disorder is felt in the mining and manufacturing districts, particularly at Barcelona, and serious disturbances have occurred at Granada. In Germany, too, the proceedings will probably be considerably interfered with by the Government. Probably in many cases the meetings will be held, or attempted, on Sunday, the 3rd of May, to avoid the loss of a day's work on the 1st.

The claims of labour, meanwhile, occupy various Legislatures. In Spain, Señor Canovas has introduced a Bill chiefly concerned with securing a cessation of work on Sundays, with various exceptions; an effort in the same direction has been made by the Belgian Minister of Railways, to the great indignation of certain Belgian Liberals; while the German Reichstag has discussed Clause 125 of the new Factories and Workshops Regulation Bill, and adopted the provision requiring the workman to compensate his master for breach of contract to the extent of a day's wages for each day lost thereby. Any rival employer who engages him meanwhile is also liable for damages to his previous employer. This law, however, will not apply to establishments where more than twenty men are employed. A similar penalty is imposed on employers.

The Austrian Emperor's Speech from the Throne also gives some promise of legislation on the labour question, and contains various projects for the economic development of Austria as well as for the improvement of higher education. Otherwise it throws little light on the political situation. It extols the compromise between Germans and Czechs in Bohemia which the success of the Young Czechs has annihilated; and their formal demand, signed by thirty-six members of the Reichsrath, for the reconstruction of the Bohemian Kingdom, indicates that the Government will have a good deal of trouble from them. Their attitude and temper, in short, is that of the followers of Mr. Parnell in the English Parliament before 1880. Count Taaffe has no stable majority, but probably the Poles and Count Hohenwarts' Clerical-Conservative following will form the nucleus of his party. The Emperor's Speech also indicates that the Austro-German Commercial Treaty is practically secured, and will be the first step to a Customs Union of the States of Central Europe; which, as French free traders have hastened to point out, will be more or less directed against the present Protectionist policy of France.

Prince Bismarck will have to face a second ballot, when he will be pitted against an unknown Socialist. That this should be so, and that two-fifths of the constituency should have abstained from voting, gives some measure of his fall.

The French autumn manœuvres are to take place on a very grand scale in Champagne in September next. About 100,000 men in all are to be engaged.

The late Italian envoy to Abyssinia, Count Antonelli, denies that the Emperor Menelek is hostile to Italy, and contents himself with suggesting the appointment of a new Resident. Fresh details as to the alleged atrocities at Massowah are given by the *Tribuna* of Rome, to which the first revelations were due. The expected appointment of Signor Visconti Venosta as Italian Ambassador at Paris is hailed with great delight by the French press as indicating a *rapprochement* between the two countries.

The Belgian Government proposes to increase the electorate to 600,000 (it at present numbers about 135,000, or less than 1 in 23 of the male population),

and to base the franchise on the payment of taxes to an amount of 10 francs annually, limiting it also to persons above twenty-five, as well as by a residential qualification. The committee of the Chamber has accepted this in principle, and the Right has determined not to oppose Revision. But it is clear the workmen will not be satisfied with anything but Universal Suffrage; though, were it granted, the peasantry might very likely rally round their priests, and frustrate the hopes of its supporters.

The Russian Government is reported to be contemplating a renewal of the persecution of the Jews, including, according to some accounts, the expulsion, by administrative order, of some thousands of them from Moscow.

The Government of the Canton of Ticino has resolved to prosecute twenty-one of the alleged authors of the revolution of last September—including Castioni, the demand for whose extradition led to the definition last year of a "political offence," and who will probably not appear—and the editors of the two local Liberal papers before a Federal tribunal which is to sit at Zürich. The list is said to be carelessly drawn up, and some patriots who have been omitted are reported to be clamouring for admission to it.

A Ministerial crisis in Portugal has been happily settled.

King Milan has agreed, for the handsome pecuniary consideration of a million francs down and 300,000 francs a year, to quit Servia until the young King attains his majority. Probably Queen Natalie will also be got rid of at a considerably less expense, though she has determined to resist all measures for her expulsion short of actual force.

The correspondence published on Thursday between Mr. Blaine and the Italian Chargé d'Affaires indicates that the difficulty between Italy and the United States is on the point of settlement. Mr. Blaine's position seems quite unassailable. Basing his reply on the action of Daniel Webster in an attack by a New Orleans mob on the Spanish population of that city, in 1851, he points out that Italians domiciled in America have precisely the rights of American citizens *plus* the power of suing for damages in the Federal as well as the State courts; that the question whether criminal proceedings can be taken in the Federal Courts against the lynchers is now under consideration; that if not, the Federal Government will do its best to urge the State of Louisiana to take proceedings (an attempt which is quite certain to have no practical result); and that, failing proper action on the part of the local authorities, the Federal Government will consider that the relatives of the murdered men will have a moral, though not a legal, claim to indemnity, and will make a proposal to Congress. This practically meets the Italian demand, as now explained. The Italian Premier announced on Thursday that nothing more will be done even should no favourable solution be obtained, and the incident in its essentials may be regarded as closed, with what consequences to the Italian Cabinet time will show.

The elections held at the end of last week in Roumania gave a considerable majority for the present Conservative and Russophil Ministry.

The French Government has decided not to stop the three war-ships recently completed for the Chilian Government, and President Balmaceda's agents are reported to be endeavouring to purchase additional vessels. The Parliamentary Party now hold the nitrate districts, where the utmost distress is reported to prevail. The President is said to be concentrating an army of twenty thousand men to recover them; but he seems to have suffered a severe defeat at the end of last week, and 2,450 of his men were forced to cross Argentine territory, where they were disarmed but (strange to say) not "interned," but allowed to proceed. Probably the Argentine Government has its hands full with its own financial troubles, and does not care to embroil itself with a neighbour who may hardly be dangerous. Whether the President is a champion (probably of a somewhat Napoleonic or Boulangist type) of the people against the Legislature, or is going on towards complete despotism, like Dionysius of Syracuse, or Dr. Francia in Paraguay, is by no means clear. So far, appearances tend to point to the latter view.

A YEAR WITHOUT BISMARCK.

BISMARCK and his late Emperor, William I., played a dramatic little scene one fine day of 1862. It was in the Park of Babelsberg; the King of Prussia, then sixty-five years old, held in his hands a paper in which he offered to abdicate; he had called the Minister to him for an opinion.

The situation appeared grave. Parliament was insisting upon ruling according to the Constitution, and such a state of things seemed to the Crown nothing if not revolution.

Bismarck read the paper, handed it back to his master, and advised him to destroy it.

Before doing so, William I. asks, "Will you undertake the Government?"

"I will, your Majesty."

"And without Parliament?"

"Certainly!"

The pact was made at that moment, and it lasted the life of the grateful monarch, who could henceforward never do enough to show how well he appreciated one who had made his throne a comfort to him.

The conversation took place upon a rustic bridge spanning a little stream running into the Havel, and as the King continued talking with Bismarck he kept tearing the memorable paper into pieces, which fell into the water. Bismarck silently ran to the bank, picked them carefully out, and met the King's inquiry as to his object by reminding him that paper could make long journeys in this manner—that fire was safer. The rest of the document therefore went in smoke up the chimney of the King.

This famous interview may some day be found in the papers of Bismarck, or possibly in those of the venerable Emperor himself.

From the day of that conversation to that of his dismissal in March of 1890, he has adhered to the programme included in the words I have quoted. Down to the close of the war against Austria in 1866, he carried on the Government without recognising the legal existence of Parliament; and whenever of late years the outlook for his majority in the Diet has appeared dark, he has not hesitated to warn the members that they had better obey him, or they would find him quite ready to go on again without them.*

In language of this kind will be found some explanation for the strange equanimity with which his countrymen received the news that William II. had dismissed him from office. And now that they have done without him a whole year, not only is there no complaint at his absence, but, on the contrary, there is wide-spread satisfaction that the young Emperor was strong enough to rid himself of the source of enormous political corruption.

What this corruption was may best be appreciated by reference to the amount of absolute power which Bismarck had succeeded in getting between his fingers. Prussia has, in this century, known but two great Ministers, Stein and Hardenberg. Both are remembered with gratitude, not alone in Prussia, but in every village of Germany, for having stood as beneficent mediators between the people and the Throne. Both assisted in laying for Germany the

* "Gentlemen, you make light of this—but let me tell you that who laughs last laughs longest. You are pushing me into a position that will end *in your ceasing to appear in this House*; and then you may go and laugh somewhere else. But you shall not have the opportunity in this place of laughing at the King of Prussia—at least not for long; and I can tell you this on the spot."—(*Speech of Bismarck in the Reichstag, March 26th*, 1886.)

foundation of Parliamentary Government. But neither of these two men, in moments of highest favour at Court, pretended to a fraction of the absolute power which Bismarck wielded every day of his long career.

Bismarck made United Germany. Let us admit that because it is commonly believed in his own country, and we cannot go into the evidence until secret archives are opened. But in this great matter he moved with the most popular idea in Germany: an idea that took practical form in 1813, and has been the living force of every German movement since that time. In placing himself at the head of such a movement he at once made himself the man of the people, and, consequently, better capable of afterwards deceiving them.

The universal enthusiasm for a United Germany made it easy for him to draw up his own Constitution; to define his own powers as Chancellor; and to see that these powers did not interfere with his expansion. For twenty years he was the sole interpreter of this Constitution: he appeared to be himself its embodiment. People forgot to ask, "Is this constitutional?" They found it more expedient to ask, "What is Bismarck going to do?"

Let us see what his twenty years of rule has done for his country.

1st. He introduced into German politics the doctrine that officials in pay of Government should take active part in election campaigns. The first quarrel between the late Emperor Frederick and Bismarck, as is well known, was on this subject. The extent of undue influence which Bismarck in this way could bring, and did bring, to bear, was enormous, as much indirect as direct. In a country where the Government controls not merely the usual servants of the post, telegraph, customs, etc., but in addition a huge police department, innumerable officials connected with canals, railways, irrigation, sanitary inspection, road and river improvements, and a host of inspectors of factories, etc., unknown to our people, the pressure exerted upon a given election is so great that one wonders not that Bismarck had a majority for so long, but that a Liberal candidate ever got a seat.

Then aside from the paid officials, what a mass is represented by the contractors for Government work—say the railways, from the maker of the roadway down to the Kelner who brings you your beer at the railway restaurant! It is not too much to say that Bismarck controlled five million votes through his paid servants alone, and did not scruple to make use of them as vulgarly as a Boss in Tammany Hall.

2nd. The army was used as unfairly. Bismarck knew but two classes of Germans—those that voted for him, and those that voted against him. His supporters he called "loyal." The opposition he called "Reichsfeinde" (the national enemy). It was easy to make the King see that the army must be "loyal," and that no officer should be seen in company with a man suspected of being opposed to Government. Therefore, it followed that officers were directed to cut the acquaintance of anyone suspected of being opposed to Bismarck on any Parliamentary question. And as officers knew very well that their promotion was not altogether separate from their personal relations to Government, there was no difficulty under this head, brutal as the measure was. Bismarck, though not himself a soldier, always aped the military style, addressed the "House" in cuirassier uniform, and could not forego the pleasure of clinking his sword even on so peaceful an occasion as laying the foundation stone for the new Parliament building in 1884!

3rd. The press, as the expression of public opinion, he has debauched so completely that when the present Emperor came to the throne he looked in vain for an adequate idea of what his people were thinking about. A large number of newspapers were, indirectly, in the pay of Bismarck, in so far that their existence depended upon the favours they received from his office. The secret funds of which he disposed nominally to combat socialism, were used to suppress opposition sentiment of every kind. Such papers as he could not force under his influence he was able to persecute so successfully by means of the courts, that through his whole administration it may be said that no paper in Germany dared speak the truth unless accidentally in harmony with the Bismarckian programme of the moment.

4th. Socialism has gained ground under Bismarck in a manner to delight the most violent disciple of Lassalle; and, as might be supposed, it grew in exact arithmetical ratio to the violent means taken to suppress it. The Socialist vote for Parliament, which at the first election after the French war was a trifle more than 100,000, swelled to more than a million in February of last year; and then it was that Bismarck left the service. But hand in hand with his measures to suppress Socialism by the policeman, he has poisoned the political atmosphere of his country by encouraging the idea that the State has a remedy for human ills, and that it has inaugurated a vast bureau for the insurance of workmen against the calamities that come upon all of us, and should be met either by our families or our own forethought.

5th. He encouraged the idea that a State could become rich by taxing the food it consumes, and has committed the country to a policy of protection that will require another generation to work itself out. He is a great farmer, a manufacturer of spirits, a breeder of hogs, and it is notable that he has so thoroughly identified himself with the wants of the State as to make the laws of his country assist in making the cost of these commodities dear. Nor is this all. Through his official power, he has succeeded in purging the schools and universities of all such as held Free Trade to be beneficial, and on leaving office he could point with pride to the fact that there was in all Germany no professor of eminence who dared preach sound political economy to the rising generation.

6th. As to foreign policy, where his fame is naturally greatest, did a year ever pass that he did not declare war imminent—that he would not be responsible for the consequences if Parliament did not grant all he asked? He posed as the great pacifier, and yet his absence from office is the signal for such sounds of peace as Germany has not heard in twenty years.

7th. He is the author of a so-called Colonial policy, which was an attempt to divert from domestic questions the attention of the dissatisfied mercantile and manufacturing classes. The result, so far, of all efforts in this direction, has been to add new burdens to those already borne by the taxpayer, with little prospect that the country will ever derive any benefit from the African wilderness it now seeks to colonise.

In short, at every turn the Emperor has had to run up roughly against Bismarckian results for which he could find no satisfactory cause. Outsiders have not felt this, because they get their ideas of the European situation mainly from the newspapers. Bismarck, however, has edited the German news for a good share of the English and American papers; the result being that we have heard nothing from Bismarck's opponents; heard nothing of the great man's failures; and only rarely of such outrages as the slanderous attack upon Sir Robert Morier, and the imprisonment of Geffken. The correspondent of the *Times* in Berlin has laboured from day to day under the disadvantage of having to flatter the Chancellor or cease to exist near his person; and though the last twelvemonth has yielded him a measure of revenge, it has not made up all that the outside world has lost by the sacrifice of truth for a quarter of a century.

In another article I shall attempt to point out why, in the last twelvemonth, the Germans have become so well satisfied with the present occupation of their late Prime Minister. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

HIS OWN ENEMY.

ONCE in the days beyond recalling—once in the days of its golden prime—our respected contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, published a delicious disquisition on the question why it was that a man who was opposed to flogging in the army was always in favour of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and with an infinity of varying illustration established the thesis that certain opinions are necessarily linked in the human mind, however remote and obscure may be the relationship between the subject matters of them. Mr. Goldwin Smith, however, is a living and lively exception to the rule. Every page of his book ("Canada and the Canadian Question") bristles with examples of the anomalous and irritating duality of his mind. His hatred of Jingoism, of tinsel, of shoddy, of spread-eagleism seems to proclaim him our very brother; but at the very moment when we feel most wishful to embrace him, he repels us by some display of bigotry, or race hatred, or love of privilege which would be reckoned out of date at Brookes's or the Carlton. The effect of his constant change of mood and *morale* is as incongruous as if Mr. W. H. Smith were to don the Phrygian Cap—as if a County Councillor were to pull the signed photograph of Zæo from out the leaves of his hymn-book, and show it us with a wink of his eye—as if a publican were to lecture us against strong drink. No champion of popular rights ever wrote anything more telling than his description of the "Family Compact," which ruled Upper Canada before the rebellion of 1837; but at every tenth page he lets us know that he is for leaving Ireland for ever under the heel of a crew of landlords and place-hunting lawyers, not less sordid and shameless than the old "British Party" of Canada, whom he so honestly abhors. Such a book as this can never convince. In turn it alienates the sympathy of every conceivable reader. The Unionists and Worshippers of Empire cannot love its author when they read his sneers, many of them poor enough, at the monarchical principle as made manifest in Canada, and at the pride of the Empire: whilst Liberals will concede no jot of sympathy to a man who seems to think nothing less exalted than military rule worthy of his good word. The ice of Canada has gangrened some of his opinions and petrified others. There is little left of the English Liberalism which he took with him to Canada. Perhaps the Canadian Tories have put a prohibitive duty on the article. All that passed the Custom House would seem to be that hysterical attachment to Cromwellianism which was popular at Oxford in the sixties. If Mr. Goldwin Smith were minded to seek the forgiveness of the real English Radicalism of to-day, the first thing he would be required to do would be to drink confusion to the memory of the Protector as that of the "arch-Liberal Unionist of history."

But we need not dwell further on the moral and intellectual peculiarities of the ex-Professor. With the main drift of his argument we are in general agreement, although we do not commit ourselves to agreement with his conclusion. We are fully alive to the fact, which he would impress on us, that Canada is not as great and glorious a country as it seems on the map. When the well-filled orator at a Colonial banquet casts his blood-shot eye upon the map of North America, as it hangs upon the wall before him, he concludes that the United States are a one-horse parochial sort of commonwealth, compared with the vast "splodge" of British Red, which covers the whole north part of the Continent. For those whom that man's oratory would mislead, it is well that there should be a voice to bid them be undeceived. The pretentious "Dominion" consists of four promontories of settlement projecting from the highly populated and civilised area of the States into an arctic waste of primeval desolation. These form detached outposts of British settlement, and appear to bear about the same proportion to the United States as the four last red squares on one side of a chess-board bear to the fifty-six squares lying behind. Canada cannot afford to compete in her public life with her mighty and millionaire neighbour. In attempting to organise a separate national life on a scale of equal dignity and elaboration, she is putting an intolerable strain on her resources and the credit of her children. Canada and the States, as Mr. Goldwin Smith shows in one of the most brilliant passages in his book, are already fused in their intellect, their amusements, their affections, their religion. Nature meant them to be also one in industry and exchange. The legal and fiscal barrier which divides them is a defiance of Nature's dictates. That it has been allowed to survive so long, is however due to causes for which the Americans are mainly to blame. At the end of the war of Independence, they had not yet learned to be magnanimous, and the Canadians are the great-grandsons of men who were forced from their southern homes as a punishment for a simple adherence to a legal allegiance. The wrong of the first generation of Republicans was aggravated by their sons, when they attempted, in the war of 1812, to absorb Canada by force.

So far most of us are prepared to go with Mr. Smith, but we should be worthless disciples in his eyes were we to go no further. He demands, with all the fervour of an apostle, that we become obedient unto the Gospel of Annexation. But, which of us will accept baptism at such hands? How can we be expected to study under such a master? Was ever a good fighting case so like to be ruined by the bad manners and bad temper of its advocate? For a space it may seem as if he were making good progress in persuading us that Canada belongs of right to the Atlantic rather than the European branch of the great English race; but on a sudden he undoes his own work by some chance passage, which lets us see that what he is aiming at is either to paralyse the Irish cause, or find in Yankee strength and callousness a weapon sharp and strong enough to hack into shreds the Charter of Catholic Quebec. There are few of us who are not proud of being descended from the men who gave that Charter to the vanquished on the morrow of a victory. We are not greatly struck with the argument that if the word of our ancestors were to be broken, then this glorious consequence would follow—that the Quebec peasantry would become less credulous as to certain extra-incredible miracles, and their women-kind have recourse less often to the services of the *Sage Femme*. Again, Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his over-anxiety to convince, is for ever falling into the forensic fault of making poor points when it would suffice to confine himself to good ones. For example, he lays it down, no doubt truly enough, that the day has passed for the authoritative interference of the Home Government in the domestic affairs of Canada. And, by way of example, he states that the Colonial Office let pass a Bill legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, although such a marriage is not allowed by the law of England. But Mr. Smith can hardly be ignorant, or suppose that his readers are ignorant, of the reason why this is so. He must know that it is solely because the House of Lords (which has no authority over the Colonial Office) makes itself the organ of the mock-modesty of obscurantist ecclesiasticism. The House of Commons (which pays the Colonial Office and controls it) has been dead in favour of the Bill for a long time past. No wonder that the Colonial Office guides itself by the view of its real master. A few pages on, he seems to cut away the ground from under his own feet in this very matter by relating that it was the Home Government which induced the Dominion to withdraw his veto on the Manitoban law for establishing railway communication with the States—notwithstanding the opposition of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In his recurring desire to sneer at the pageantry of the Canadian Vice-Royalty, he tells his readers that there are

officials at Ottawa who still have reason to rue the reign of a former Governor-General who was fond of giving fancy-dress balls. We gather that Mr. Goldwin Smith does not go to Court; but anyone who has ever been at a fancy ball in a British Government House, must be perfectly aware that the masses of calico and rags who perambulate the rooms could not by any possibility be permanently the worse from a financial point of view for their night's fun. We apprehend that Canadian officials always go to fancy balls in the cast-off clothes of Indian chiefs, just as Indian chiefs always appear on State occasions in the cast-off uniforms of Canadian officials. Again, at another point, he executes a wild war-dance over the prostrate form of a Tory scribe who had boasted that the Canadian Pacific Railway ran "from start to finish" through British soil, whereas he shows that the eastern section passes through the State of Maine, and is, therefore, not available as a military route for our soldiers to the East. But this is a mere quibble. Our Imperialists are quite right in believing that there is a continuous route, without break of gauge, from the Atlantic to the Pacific through British Territory: only the eastern part of the track happens to be called "the Intercolonial." The mistake is about as important as if a man were to say he had travelled all the way by "the Metropolitan" when a third of his journey was by "the District" Railway. Mr. Goldwin Smith is on sounder ground when he denounces the Canadian system under which large and varying subsidies are paid from the Central Treasury to the Provinces. Having made out his case in that respect, we wish he would come over here and wage systematic war on the somewhat similar finance of Mr. Goschen. But in all that he says against the Canadian system of public works there seems to lurk a sad regret that State railways can beget no millionaires—no Jay Goulds, no Vanderbilts. A dishonest chain-man or sub-sub-contractor here and there may appropriate a trifle out of the total expenditure; but in the main the public must get the benefit of the public money spent on a State line. It is gratifying to note that in all his denunciation of the political corruption of the ruling and spending party in Canada, Mr. Goldwin Smith bears explicit testimony to the fact that the Tory statesmen are themselves men who can boast of an honourable poverty. They are perhaps a little tricky in the time and mode of announcing that a new branch line, or a big bridge is to be built; but we do not perceive, after a careful examination of the facts, that they ever make a work which has not plenty to be said for its construction, or which would not find advocates in men accustomed to our Indian and Crown Colony systems. It is enough in Mr. Goldwin Smith's eyes to prove that the Canadian State railways are not earning enough to pay the charges on their capital, and, in most cases, leave a small deficit on their working expenses. But why, in the name of Arthur James Balfour, should a railway pay its working expenses? That admired statesman is, just now, constructing a number of railways which will not. The sole test which such men as Mr. Goldwin Smith can apply in a question of railway construction appears to be whether it would profit a millionaire to make it. But even if a millionaire would not get back his money it might well profit a community indirectly to make the thing for itself. How fortunate it is that when we make a cart-road or a new street we do not ask ourselves whether it would pay its expenses as a turnpike. We simply make the highway on general principles, in sure and certain hope that it will enrich the community somehow. And thus it is that many people, including nearly all Colonists, regard the railway problem. What Canada appears to have achieved since Federation is to treble her revenue by doubling her debt—risky, no doubt; but, nevertheless, the country is on the right side of the account, and, perhaps, in its secret heart, it is solacing itself with the conviction that in the last Act Uncle Sam will appear on the scene and take the burden on his broad and bony shoulders.

After all that we have said in the way of criticism, we wish to part on kindly terms with Mr. Smith. The historical part of his book is written with more than his habitual charm, and the picture which he paints of the virtues and simple happiness of the Canadian people is so fascinating as to go a long way towards defeating the end which he has in view—the relegation of this delightful commonwealth to the unlovely struggle of American public life.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S TEMPER.

IN one of the papers which he has just collected and put forth under the title of "The Coming Terror" (Heinemann), Mr. Robert Buchanan suggests that an essay should be written On Certain Terms of Opprobrium. We have not the pen of "A. K. H. B.," but the suggestion is tempting, and with Mr. Buchanan's book before us we hasten to do our little best.

Mr. Buchanan writes on a diversity of subjects—on State Interference, Imperial Cockneydom, The Modern Young Man, The Marriage Contract, The Gallows, The Magdalen, Ibsen, General Booth, etc. etc. His opinions are those of "a catholic *plus* an eclectic," and remind us now and then (if he will forgive the comparison) of those zoological shows which perambulate, and are labelled "Happy Family." For instance, he courageously maintains that literature should be free to say what it likes, and asserts that no official of avowed infidelity should hold office in a Christian land. That these two opinions should lie down amicably in the same cage is astonishing at first, but explicable. It is obvious that each gives its possessor an opportunity for hating large numbers of his fellow-men. Turn them loose in a thickly populated country and they will return at nightfall to inhabit the same breast in concord, because glutted. For Mr. Buchanan is not merely a "good hater:" he has a wealth of hatred, and of language to clothe it in, which is something quite abnormal even in these nervous days. That his fashion of speech should ever become popular would be nothing short of calamitous. He himself perceives this dimly when he points out (on p. 63) that Carlyle's culture failed him when he called Coleridge a "weltering, ineffectual being," Keble "a little ape," Charles Lamb a "detestable abortion," Newman one without "the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit," etc. etc. What then becomes of Mr. Buchanan's culture when he speaks of Gautier as "insufferable," "Heaven help the youth of whom this extraordinary stylist, who treats flesh like a pork-butcher, and makes love like a cony of the burrows, is to be the joy!" of Zola as "a dreary and dismal gentleman whose mind is solely exercised on questions of moral drainage and social sewerage," as "a scavenger" and "a dullard *au fond*"; of Ibsen as "a Zola with a stuttering style and two wooden legs," "the dustman of a suburb"; of Mr. Henry James as "*au fond*, a fatuous young man"; of M. Paul Bourget as "*ridiculus mus* of a social mud-heap in parturition. . . Two or three feeble novels, and a few flabby criticisms, form his literary credentials"; of M. Guy de Maupassant as "very useful company for a sanitary inspector"; of Mr. William Archer as "the Young Man in a cheap literary suit. . . sunk in the self-satisfaction of being completely, though inexpensively, rigged out . . . a dull young man of saturnine proclivities;" of Mr. George Moore as "'Arry," of a portrait of Mr. George Moore as "the penitent 'Arry of *next day*, after the trying excursion to Gravesend or Hampton Court, exclaiming to himself, 'Oh, I do feel so bad!' The doleful 'Arry countenance, the 'Arry coat, the 'Arry tie, are all typical of the young man who has

never had a clean mind. . . "? Then, again, Bismarck is a "martinet of pipes and beer." Mr. Labouchere "has gained his popularity, his vogue, by becoming, firstly, the Paul Pry of journalism; and, secondly, the Scapin of politics. He has violated the privileges of private life by haunting the back kitchens of the aristocracy and counting the candle-ends of the governing classes. . . . The climax of his audacities was reached only the other day, when openly, in the House of Commons, to the manifest satisfaction of a crowd of fellow-demagogues, he proposed to pollute the ears of his fellow-members by opening up the moral cesspool of a foul and disgraceful scandal" (the implication here being, we suppose, that to remind members of the House of Commons that nasty scandals exist in this country is little short of criminal!) We will add one more blossom to our *florilegium*. Speaking of a modern novelist Mr. Buchanan attempts to trace his literary genealogy "with quasi-Biblical accuracy." In England, he says, "Richardson begot Jane Austen, and Jane Austen became the mother of Theodore Hook (!), and Theodore Hook begot Anthony Trollope, and Anthony Trollope begot Henry James. In either succession there was a gradual process of deterioration, resulting at last in what physiologists call 'an exhausted breed.'" We will cull no more flowers for a while.

Now it has been remarked that very few men can afford to lose their tempers. If Carlyle could not, we may perhaps assume that Mr. Robert Buchanan cannot. Going one step further, we will assume that there exists no insuperable impediment why Mr. Buchanan should not behave like a gentleman. And on the strength of these assumptions we would plead with him as follows:—

> "Sir, you have been, in your time, a writer of promise. For reasons which, no doubt, were sufficient in your eyes, you turned aside to produce work which differs in quality from that which was expected of you and from that which the 'young men,' who excite your bile, have chosen to admire. Why should you be angry? You have the sincere admiration of thousands who, in the Vaudeville Theatre or the Adelphi, look upon you as the foremost playwright, poet, ethical teacher of this generation. Experience has shown, a thousand times, that popularity of this kind is only attained at the price of a certain amount of contempt. You chose it, and we hardly see what right you have to grumble at paying. After all, *you* have the profits: the world rewards you in all but esteem far more liberally than it rewards Henrik Ibsen or Mr. Henry James.
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> "But if, while enjoying the rewards of your position, you *must* decry those who are content to remain above you; and if you positively refuse to accept silence as the tribute most fitly paid to yourself and your aspirations by critical writers and men of judgment; still we would implore you so far to remember the customs of real life in the intervals of your play-writing that, when next you take up your pen to damage a better workman, you may efface in some degree from the minds of your admirers in the *Daily Telegraph* the impression that Titanic intellects only fight with such weapons as no ordinary gentleman will condescend to use."

If Mr. Buchanan will attend to this mild remonstrance, we will make bold to ask him further, Why he should hate and disparage every man living whose work has attained any measure of success? He hates, as far as we can see, all his fellow playwrights: this book contains sneers at Ibsen, De Goncourt, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Grundy, the writers of the "Great Pink Pearl," Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Mr. Stevenson. He hates all the dramatic critics he has occasion to mention. He hates at least nine out of every ten novelists. M. Zola is a "negro": Mr. W. D. Howells an "albino": Mr. R. L. Stevenson a "hard-bound genius *in posse*": of "Treasure Island" we hear that "at its best it is worthy (though that, indeed, is no little honour) of Mr. R. M. Ballantyne." Mr. Buchanan has "no personal sympathy whatever with the diseased views of human passion taken by Count Tolstoï"—but an impersonal sympathy, perhaps: Ouida is "that classic of the Langham," Mr. Rider Haggard the spoilt child of "nepotic criticism," and so on. As for the reviews and newspapers, he quarrels with the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, *Punch*, *The Times* ("great Cockney organ," "great organ of British Philistia,"), the New Journalism ("Babbage's Organ in the Street," "Tower of Babel," "feeding the weak appetites of the community with the garbage of the latest news"), the Monthly Reviews ("reviews of inanity"), the *Pall Mall Gazette* ("journal of abominations"), and Mr. Andrew Lang ("a Cockney of Cockneys,"—wears kid gloves). Then there is Mr. John Morley—and Professor Huxley—and—we need not extend the list. In his large heart Mr. Buchanan can find room to hate them all.

At present we are not concerned with the justice or absurdity of Mr. Buchanan's views on human affairs. We have written merely to point out that the unhappy infirmity of his temper leads him to the frequent use of language which disgraces the page on which it is written; and to suggest that, if he must write at all, he might try to write like a gentleman.

THE GHOST OF A BLUE-STOCKING.

OF the "making" of books there is no end; and, although the contemporary British public may be said to resemble the Athenians of old, to the extent of continually crying out for some new thing, they have of late years shown a pleasant willingness to make acquaintance with obsolete celebrities, and to be grateful to the industrious persons who have been at the pains of digging and delving in what Jeremy Taylor calls "the Portion of Weeds and outworn Faces," scouring long-rusted shields, and repointing the darkened rough-cast of the past. Thus I see that an ingenious compiler has recently put forth a book touching the Life and Letters of "Mrs." Elizabeth Carter, an erudite spinster of the last century, and in her day a somewhat notable personage. I should say that, prior to the appearance of the volume in question, the knowledge of the average British reader concerning "Mrs." Carter did not go much beyond a vague remembrance that Dr. Johnson warmly praised the proficiency which the lady had acquired in the Greek tongue, and that he once talked to Boswell of having dined at Mrs. Garrick's with "Mrs." Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. "Three such women," added the enthusiastic sage, "are not to be found. I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all." Besides this glimmering recollection of the English Madame Dacier, there may be, in the mind of the superficial student of the literary gossip of the eighteenth century, a faint memory that "Mrs." Carter was a distinguished Blue-Stocking; but the origin of that term, notwithstanding its having long since become a household word among us, is still enveloped in a mantle of obscurity compared with which the cause of the banishment of Ovid, and the name which Achilles assumed when he dwelt among the daughters of Lycomedes, are radiant coruscations. For example, Dr. J. Birkbeck Hill, in his edition of Boswell's Johnson, tells us (vol. iv., p. 108) that the origin of the title Blue-Stocking being little known it may be worth while to relate it. "One of the most eminent of these societies, when they were first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation that his absence was felt as so great a loss that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing

without the *blue stockings*,' and thus by degrees the title was established." The exhaustive Dr. Birkbeck Hill vindicates his version by a quotation from one of Mrs. Montagu's letters in which that learned lady, writing so early as 1757, observes that Mr. Stillingfleet "has left off his old friends and his blue stockings, and has taken to frequenting operas and other gay assemblies." The indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in *his* edition of "Boswell," has preceded Dr. Birkbeck Hill in claiming Stillingfleet as the sponsor of the Blue Stockings; adding however, in a note, that Mr. Hayward had seen an account by Lady Crewe that a certain Madame de Polignac presented herself at Mrs. Montagu's "club" arrayed in blue stockings, which were then the rage in Paris, and that Mrs. Greville and the other ladies then adopted the fashion. There is this much in favour of the Hayward-Crewe account that Dr. Cobham Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," remarks *s.v.* Blue-Stocking that "in 1400 a society of ladies and gentlemen was formed at Venice, distinguished by the colour of their stockings, and called *Della Calza*. It lasted till 1590, when it appeared in Paris, and was the rage among the lady *savantes*. From France it came to England, when Mrs. Montagu displayed the badge of the Bas Bleu Club at her evening receptions. Dr. Cobham Brewer's note seems to be based on a passage in Mills' "History of Chivalry."

It is time, however, to inquire what the original Blue-Stockings themselves had to say on the subject. Hannah More, in the "advertisement" to her pleasant little poem, "The Bas Bleu; or Conversation," writes:—"The following trifle owes its birth and name to the mistake of a foreigner of distinction, who gave the literal title of the *Bas Bleu* to a small party of friends who have often been called, by way of pleasantry, the Blue-Stockings." Surely Hannah must have known something definite about the derivation of the title of her own beloved clique. She adds, moreover, that the society used to meet at Mrs. Vesey's, not at Mrs. Montagu's. And now we come to the most formidable of all the Blue-Stockings, the classical Elizabeth Carter herself. In the Memoirs of her Life and Character, published in 1816, it is stated that to Mrs. Vesey's literary parties it was not difficult for any person of character to be introduced. "There was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded that a foreign gentleman who was to go there with an acquaintance was told in jest that it was so little necessary that he might appear there, if he pleased, in *blue stockings*. This he understood in the literal sense, and when he spoke of it in French, called it the *Bas Bleu* meeting. And this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue Stocking Club." As for Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who was a learned naturalist, and whose blue stockings seem to have been alluded to by Sir William Forbes, in his Life of Beattie, the editor of the Memoir throws him overboard in a note, in which he observes that Mr. Stillingfleet died in 1771, long before these meetings acquired their designation, which has now passed into a proverbial locution for—what shall I say? "A female pedant" is Dr. Cobham Brewer's definition of a Blue-Stocking; but the slightly more gallant compilers of "The Imperial Dictionary" describe a *Bas Bleu* as "a literary lady to whom the imputation of pedantry usually applies." Does such an imputation justly apply to the versatile daughter of the worthy Kentish curate—the unwearied scholar, who, after learning Latin and Greek, made herself mistress of Italian, German, French, and Spanish; who wrote two numbers of *The Rambler* for her friend Dr. Johnson; who was a copious Biblical commentator, an ardent student of the Newtonian philosophy, and whose translation of Epictetus, in the opinion of Warton, "excelled the original"? I have not seen the book to the recent publication of which I alluded at the beginning of this paper, but Elizabeth Carter and I are very old friends. I have the Memoirs of her Life and Character, her Poems, her Miscellaneous Essays in Prose, her Notes on the Bible, and her Answers to Objections concerning the Christian Religion, before me now in a fat volume of some eight hundred pages, royal octavo, edited by the Rev. Montagu Pennington, M.P. There is a good deal of rind in this corpulent tome, but the fruit, when you do get at it, is succulent. You begin to have a personal liking for Elizabeth, even so soon as you have gazed upon the frontispiece bearing her portrait, which is that of a very nice-looking old lady—she lived to be nearly ninety—in a laced mob cap and a black pélerine. The features are very regular, their expression is very sweet and very cheerful; and in youth Elizabeth must have been decidedly handsome. She seems in early childhood to have been rather a dull girl; and the slowness with which she conquered the impediments which always obstruct the threshold of the dead languages is said to have wearied even the patience of her father, who repeatedly entreated her to give up all thoughts of becoming a scholar. Yet her unwearied application enabled her in the end to overcome all difficulties at the cost of frequent and severe headaches which became chronic. She also, her biographer naïvely admits, contracted the habit of taking snuff, which she first used in order to keep herself awake during her studies, "and was afterwards unable to give up the custom, though it was very disagreeable to her father." Literary ladies must have their way. We know that George Sand smoked; and it is possible that Hypatia might have snuffed had the nicotian weed been known to the civilised world in her time. "Mrs." Carter learned French from an old French refugee named Lesueur, at whose house at Canterbury she boarded. In the other modern languages she was self-taught. She even compiled a small Arabic dictionary for her own use. She painted, she embroidered, she wrote poems, she danced; but the strangest statement made by her biographer in connection with her classical attainments is that the prodigy of feminine erudition—of whom Dr. Johnson said, speaking of some celebrated Hellenist, that he understood Greek better than anyone whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter—"was almost wholly unacquainted with the Greek and Latin grammars, and used to say of them, with some degree of unmixed contempt, that she had never learned them." Truly an exceptional and slightly perplexing Blue-Stocking; although the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, to judge from his recent and admirable remarks at St. Andrews on the study of Greek, might be supposed to share Elizabeth's contempt for grammar and nothing but grammar.

G. A. S.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXXVII.—Tottenham Court Road.

THERE are many streets in London which have neither the poetry of picturesque poverty nor the graces of luxury and culture. Pre-eminent among these is Tottenham Court Road. Some of its shops are large; very few of them are beautiful. They may be ambitious, but they do not reach to the level of the artistic upholsterer. There is, for instance, a kind of flower-pot, of one colour—a dirty, ugly colour; one sees it often on the window-sills of lodging-houses in the black back-streets of Bloomsbury, and one always feels sure that it must have been bought in Tottenham Court Road; it marks the point of taste at which the middle class has arrived. The artistic spirit and the iniquitous hire-system seldom exist together, and Tottenham Court Road is the home of the hire-system. There is a certain kind of cake which is chiefly to be found in the confectioners' windows of this road. It is a cake of considerable parts, but it is not nearly so good as it wants to be. Sometimes it adorns a social undertaking of a family. But there is something in it—some subtle quality perfectly independent of currants—which irresistibly suggests a

large hall, tea-urns, pomatum, platform speeches, and a magic-lantern rather out of order. The cake, like the flower-pot, is ambitious; but many of the shops here have not even ambitions. The felt hats in that shop over the way are "all one price." There is no room there for the indulgence of class distinctions; like the processes of nature, they vary neither for peer nor peasant.

And, indeed, the crowds passing up and down the road hardly seem to be given to ostentation and small vanities. There are exceptions, of course; I notice a thin, pale clerk looking intently into a tailor's window and smiling gratefully at the more forcible patterns. But, as a rule, the people seem to have some money, but not much money to spend, and do not look as if they would spend it without sufficient reason. Consequently, the allurements and seductions which are offered are very strong. The cheapest goods are put in the windows with the price marked upon them; and they are very cheap. How does the grocer, whose establishment I just passed, manage to sell tinned sardines at such an absurdly small price? One cannot but marvel at it, though personally one might prefer a more quiet death. The notices in the windows are peculiarly attractive. One man advertises "The Boots of the Future." This might, perhaps, be called the leather forecast. It appeals to the same instinct as the weary old man in the Strand, who tells us that three most ordinary collar-studs, to be purchased for one penny, are "the greatest novelty upon hurth." The shops, I notice, of fishmongers and fruiterers spread themselves out and protrude into the pavement. Can it be safe to allow so much fruit to be within the reach of the passer-by? I feel certain that I could take one of those apples without being seen by anyone in the shop. But at this moment a wiry-looking little man, with conscientiousness written upon his countenance, fixes his cold glance upon me. He is there to watch; and, unfortunately, he read in my eye that I was calculating the possibility of stealing an apple; he has added the conjecture that I was intending to steal one, which is horribly wrong of him. He watches me suspiciously as I move away. I feel half inclined to go back again and buy something expensive—a cocoanut, for instance—but this might look like the action of a guilty man. Besides, I do not happen to have any money with me. In some of the bye-streets irregular commerce is being conducted from barrows; they are lit by candles protected from the wind by glass chimneys. They offer for sale, apparently, an unspeakable shell-fish and the effervescing drinks of the summer-time. Who buys them? And what on earth can you do with them when you have bought them? As one goes farther north, the shops and houses seem to get smaller and more sordid. I suppose one always reaches the point at last, in walking out of London, where the wretchedness of the outskirt merges into the smug decency of the suburb.

The stream of clerks and business men that flows down Tottenham Court Road in the morning and back again in the evening is quite distinct from the aimless, drifting crowd that lives in the vicinity and seems to be chiefly occupied in looking in shop-windows. A girl of seven years or so has just stopped before that upholsterer's and stares eagerly, ardently, at the saddle-bag suite. Then she sighs a little, and moves on to a chemist's, where she again pauses. She looks longingly, almost hungrily, at a bottle of quinine and iron tonic. Suddenly she tears herself away and begins to run; she runs a few steps and stops short, sucking one finger; then she walks sedately back again to the upholsterer's, and stares once more at the saddle-bag suite. Now, I should like to know what mental process underlay this series of actions.

The sunlight reveals no fresh beauties in Tottenham Court Road, and the gaslight cannot glorify it. It remains sordid—sordid in its virtues, sordid in its vices. Its temples of dissipation, with their grimy shrubs and ugly glare, hardly invite one to enter. It has not the brilliant activity of the City, nor the wealth and repose of the West. Almost every face in the crowd looks tired; and most of them seem to be in the habit of getting tired to very little purpose. They can live by their work, but there is always a struggle. There are few less inspiriting places in London than Tottenham Court Road.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

LAST week, while speaking of Mr. Alfred Parsons' exhibition in New Bond Street, I pointed out that the early recognition and the premature decline of artistic talent was one of the characteristics of this century; and the sudden appearance and the sudden vanishing of these young men of genius I ascribed to inordinate cultivation of personal idiosyncrasy and a correlative neglect of education. If personal idiosyncrasy be planted, I said, in the rich soil of excellent lessons, it will continue striking new roots and putting forth finer and finer blossoms year after year. But if the lessons be omitted, I said, it will wither for want of nourishment, just like a flower that has been placed in thin and insufficient soil.

These reflections were inspired partly by what seemed to me a sudden falling-off in Mr. Parsons' work, and also by the knowledge of the near approach of the annual exhibition of the New English Art Club. On entering this exhibition the first visual sensation is a pleasurable one—a sensation of novelty. Apparently everyone is original, and for one moment it seems that a general and successful effort has been made to escape from the commonplace. But as the eye separates the mass of design and colour, it perceives that a great deal of what seemed, in the first glance, to be originality is merely eccentricity, and often eccentricity of the feeblest kind. And then, as the eye proceeds in its investigation, it recognises that the tendency of the exhibition is very often a foolish—hardly ever anything more than a febrile—desire of the latest Parisian novelty in æstheticism; and that this desire is combined with a strange, and sometimes disgraceful, want of education. The problem that everyone seems to have set himself to solve seems to be—By what trick of drawing, by what trick of colour, may I attract most attention? Hardly anyone seems to have said, How may I paint well? In the New English Art Club we look in vain for national characteristics—for a guiding principle; instead of a well-ordered regiment, animated by a well-considered æstheticism, marching to a definite goal, we have a crowd of stragglers, running and leaping, loitering and larking, walking and sitting down to rest. Everyone wears the garment of his fancy, and a multi-coloured, ill-organised crowd they are. They might have come from the various ends of the earth, provided they had come by way of Paris, and sign of sojourn in that city is the family likeness which runs through this group of painters.

I have put the case brutally, but I have put it exactly. And yet, notwithstanding all its shortcomings, the exhibition of the New English Art Club is one of the most interesting of our annual exhibitions; we find there genuine aspiration and genuine love of art, and nowhere any trace of base commercialism.

But the time, I think, has come when we should look at the pictures. No. 3, "Sisters," by Mr. Seymour Walker, is the largest canvas in the exhibition. It would take a long while to enumerate the various and ill-perceived ideals that this picture is descended from. The result, however, may be stated. Two life-size figures, one standing and the other kneeling; both are mechanically drawn, and both are painted in muddy brown and muddy green. The execution is unpleasant, awkward, tortured, blundered. An

Artichoke-green landscape sticks to the girls' faces; the dark-grey sky sticks to the artichoke landscape. The question of values never seems to have troubled the painter. With some vague, sombre mysticism of colour he seems to have hoped to have saved his picture. But a picture is never saved except by good painting.

Another attempt, albeit, in a very different direction is No. 4, "The Skating-Rink," by Mr. George Thompson. It is necessary to remind these young men that the mere choice of a scene from modern life is not sufficient. There is only one reason why it is well to paint modern life—because modern life demands an unceasing search for new artistic formulæ. But in Mr. Thompson's picture no inventiveness is displayed in the composition. The figures are set forth as they would have been by any artist drawing for an illustrated paper; they are not better observed, and having regard for the effect of the electric lighting, the artist has reduced his palette to two tones—a greasy brown and a greasy white.

Another attempt in modernness, equally unfortunate, but more intelligent, is Mr. W. Steer's ballet-dancer. To paint a ballet-dancer a foot high in the middle of a canvas eight feet by four, and to leave the figure unrelieved by any background whatever, is to lose oneself in the chaos which lies outside the district of art. However skilfully the figure was painted, it would look like a fly crawling up a ceiling. But the figure is not skilfully painted. The skirt looks like a piece of orange-peel; and arguing that in such violent motions and in such a light the modelling of the back would not catch the eye, the painter has dared to omit all modelling. Yet another essay in this direction is Mr. Theodore Roussel's picture of the Cliff at Brighton. This time the attempt is successful. With many delicate lines, subtle and meaningful, he has rendered artistically interesting the fine folk of the fashionable watering-place. The architecture is most skilfully managed; the dome under which the band plays floats over the crowd, delicate as a bubble; the naturally evanescent colour of the scene is perfectly rendered. Looking suddenly at the picture, the blue sleeves of the woman on the right seemed to have passed from one group to the other; and hardly anywhere is there a suggestion of the fashion-plate.

The more complete artistic education of M. J. Blanche gives him in this exhibition quite the air of a master. He exhibits two pictures; the better of the two represents a little girl sitting in a high chair. She is all in white, and the arrangement of the white skirts hanging over the chair is most happy. The colour of the rose which she holds in her hand has been skilfully, but somewhat too capriciously, introduced through the picture. It may be that the red showing through the skirt is the colour of the chair; it may be a pink petticoat; but it looks as if the painter had, for the sake of the colour-scheme, flicked red through the skirt wherever it was wanted. The girl sits in front of a white screen, and into this screen all kinds of rich tones have been—I think, capriciously—introduced. However this may be, it is certain that the face was drawn all round with a brush full of rose madder, and that rose madder was laid upon the shadows under the nose and eyes for the sake of the colour-scheme. True that the picture gains in harmony, but it will not be denied that the formula is too apparent. This method—or, rather, trick—is borrowed from Romney, who often scraped his picture, and then drew all round it with a brush full of rose madder, laying the colour on so heavily in places that it can hardly be called glazing. I noticed an interesting example of this trick in the Guelph Exhibition. Romney had rubbed rose madder all round the face—the picture was a head and shoulders of an old lady—leaving a deep rich line where the flesh and hair met, and laying it on thickly on the shadow under the eyes. M. Blanche has thought fit to do likewise, and, trick though it be, he surely accomplishes it perfectly well, and the picture is certainly one of his very best.

But perhaps the most interesting picture in the exhibition is No. 33—Mr. Wilson Steer's portrait of Mrs. Williams and her children. The lady's face is excellently well painted, and the picture is so considerable an advance on Mr. Steer's former work that it may be termed a sufficient guarantee of future and still more undeniable achievement. Mr. Steer has painted the lady in her own drawing-room, as she lives, as her friends see her. The point of sight is that of a visitor entering the room and finding her sitting in a low arm-chair; she is therefore some few feet under the painter's eye, and only part of the back and one arm of the chair come into the picture. The chair is yellow, and over it hangs a dark-blue shawl, against which is leaned the blonde face and red hair. On the right is a yellow sofa, on which two children sit—one looking over a picture-book, the other looking straight out of the picture. Consequent on the point of view chosen, the floor comes high up—higher, I think, than Mrs. Williams's head; and where it meets the wall, there is a dark red which enters extremely well in the scheme of colouring, giving just the rich note which the grey dress with black embroidery asked for so imperatively. The painting of the face reminds me of Manet; there is in it something of his freshness and his freedom of handling. It was painted *au premier coup*, and it is modelled with the colours placed one against the other without transitions, *un modèle à plat*; all vulgar roundnesses have been avoided, but the painter has, nevertheless, not failed to observe the relief there always is in Nature. The light on the forehead is true in colour and in value, the cold blue eye is likewise true in colour and value; it is exactly right in place, and how well it lights up the pale blonde profile! Perhaps a little too much nostril shows. The painter, it must be remembered, is at least three feet above her; but it would be impossible to say if this is so without seeing the model in position. The hand—long, nervous, finely observed—was not painted *au premier coup*. The hand belongs to the face, but the quality of the painting is not so good as that of the face. There the touch is less certain, less prompt, less agile. The children are the weak part of the picture. They are not, however, what some critics think them—stupid. The painter has merely failed to express adequately the whimsical look of two children seated on a high sofa in the presence of their elders.

Want of space (that eternal cry of the journalist) forbids anything more than a bare mention of the other pictures that caught my attention. Mr. Sidney Starr, in his picture of the Thames, gives the colour and expression of the water—it is the very water of our river—and there is light on the water; but the beauty of the bridges—one of the characteristic beauties of the Thames in London—seems to have been missed. Mr. Walter Sickert sends a view of one of the beautiful streets in Dieppe. The deep violets in the foreground, and the pale violets of the street, seen in perspective, are harmoniously balanced. There are spots of colour in the street and on the high wall of the café which seem capricious, but the awning which shelters the drinkers from the sun is finely observed, and painted with a quick and certain touch.

No. 58 is a portrait of a lady by Mr. Starr, and the lady is excellently well fitted into the canvas, but the painting is laboured; it has been worked over until all freshness is lost; in the lights it is woolly, and the shadows are dirty and opaque; the drawing is hesitating and thin. There is, however, an intention, and were the painter to try again on a fresh piece of canvas, it is probable that he would attain what he desired, but failed to express in the first attempt.

To conclude, I will say that the exhibition should be visited by all who are interested in the most modern ideas, and who are concerned to know in what direction our young artists are moving.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

PIERROT, in the pantomime of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, is luring all polite London to the Prince of Wales's. He is my delight; and my despair. For he is too vast a subject for any man to adventure upon, single-handed. The moralist, the philosopher, the historian, the belle-lettrist might each contribute whole tomes about him, to form one monumental, encyclopædic work: *Pierroticon Biblion*. Every critic should aim at the Rabelaisian ideal, to be a Grand Abstractor of Quintessences; but how to abstract the quintessence of Pierrot, the elusive, the impalpable, the omnipresent? Shall I take him historically, and trace him from the impudent slaves of Terence, through the Scapins and Sganarelles of Molière, the Figaros of Beaumarchais, down to our own Fags, Trips, and Sam Wellers? Or shall I seek him in the print-shops, where he is to be found in every "state" of black-and-white since black-and-white was, from Callot to Gavarni, and from Gavarni to the ingenious M. Willette of the "Chat Noir"? Or shall I moralise over him as the Evangelist, the Carlyle with a difference, the Preacher of the Gospel of Silence, who practises what he preaches? Or shall I approach him through his famous incarnators, the two Debureaus, Hippolyte Petit, Paul Legrand? Or shall I try and disengage his significance as a complex type of humanity: at once greedy, selfish, a liar, a thief, a nympholept, good-humoured, sentimental, vicious, innocent; an irresponsible little animal; the eternal child in man?

No; I will simply conjugate him as a verb. *Pierro*, I am Pierrot. *Pierrabo*, I shall or will, etc. *Pierrem*, let me be Pierrot; a Pierrot-critic. ("You are that already," says someone, "for are you not a 'young egotist'?" But I pass on.) Ah! if I could only be a Pierrot-critic, and *mime* this article for you, instead of writing it. How much shorter it would be, how much more lucid! My face is daubed with flour, my eyebrows are corked, my lips rouged. I wear a black skull-cap, and a white doublet covered with big buttons. I stand rigid with my eyes fixed. By-and-by a smile steals over my face; I clap my hands; I pout my lips into a round O; I cover them with my right hand; I kiss it with a loud smack, and waft the kiss into the air. You at once understand that *L'Enfant Prodigue* of MM. Michel Carré *fils* and André Wormser gives me exquisite pleasure. Then I half-close my eyes and lean with my head on my hand, like the statue of Shakespeare in Leicester Square,—and you forthwith conclude that I am analysing my impressions, trying to account for the pleasure which *L'Enfant Prodigue* gives me. My face becomes more serious; I frown; I scratch my skull-cap; I take my head between my hands and wag it,—whereupon you perceive that the innumerable philosophic and æsthetic problems suggested by *L'Enfant Prodigue* are becoming too much for me. But alas! my powers as a pantomimist soon break down; I am no Debureau, or Courtès, or Jane May; and I find myself compelled, after all, to explain in words (oh, cutting irony!) a drama which demonstrates the superfluity of all speech.

The entertainment at the Prince of Wales's will come as a surprise to English playgoers, who have hitherto associated pantomime with rough-and-tumble Boxing Night fooling, the heartrending sight of Mr. Harry Payne squeezing a policeman into a wafer behind a door, and the smell of oranges in the pit of Drury Lane. *L'Enfant Prodigue* reveals it to us as one of the finest of the fine arts, delicate, meticulous, nicely adjusted to the most subtle gradations of emotion, polished *ad unguem*. One would have supposed, beforehand, that the gamut of dramatic gestures was severely limited. That Pierrot-prodigal has no appetite for his breakfast, that he is violently enamoured of Mlle. Phrynette, the laundress, that his papa is angry and his mother grieved—one was prepared to find pantomimic expression compass effects so simple as these. What one really finds at the Prince of Wales's is, that pantomime, far from being the simple thing we had thought it, is extremely complex. Watch papa-Pierrot as he sits reading his *Temps*. A look of boredom culminating in a yawn shows you that he is at the political leader. Up and down go chin and eyebrow, and you see he is studying the rising and falling stocks in the money-article. Then a sly smile expanding into a broad grin, and ending in convulsions of laughter, tells you that he has lighted on a story with a double meaning. He passes the paper, with finger on the spicy paragraph, to Mme. Pierrot, who at first reads with an air of vacuous innocence; then comes the conscious irrepressible smile, the blush, the turn of the head. In the end, you feel that you have read every line of that paper and know the exact point of the racy anecdote. *L'Enfant Prodigue* is all compact of such details as this, details so cunningly contrived as to flatter us with a pleasant sense of our own intelligence—when they do not terrify us (as in the scene of the father's impotent rage over his son's dishonour), or tug at our very heart-strings (as in the scene of the mother's hysterical joy over the prodigal's return). Of course, the music greatly extends the range of expression. Not a glance, not a twist of the finger, not a turn of the head, that has not its appropriate accompaniment, or rather its elucidation, in M. Wormser's score. Indeed, the music here and there bears the chief burden of the drama. I do not know, for instance, how Mlle. Phrynette's refusal to listen to her elderly admirer, except on the condition of his offering her marriage, could have been briefly delineated in absolute dumb-show. But M. Wormser has only to introduce three bars of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the trick is done! With a musical commentary of this adroitness, Mr. Sneer would have comprehended the full significance of Lord Burleigh's nod without the aid of Mr. Puff's exegesis.

Over and above the sheer delight of pantomime, over and above the pleasure one derives from the skill of Mlle. Jane May and Mlle. Zanfretta, Mme. Schmidt and M. Courtès, there remains the amusement of finding even more in *L'Enfant Prodigue* than either its authors or its interpreters intend. There is a world of suggestion in the piece. Through M. and Mme. Pierrot one sees the typical French *bourgeois* household, thrifty, orderly, fond of good cheer, not a little philistine. Through flour-bedaubed Pierrot one sees the old Biblical story, and the hero of many *Dames aux Camélias* and innumerable Adelphi melodramas. Through Phrynette one sees countless "free ladies" of the Second Empire spoken of in the Book of the Prophets Goncourt, and Homer's Circe, and (if you like) Mother Eve herself. One turns reluctantly from this fascinating subject.

Permitting myself to revert for a moment to the method of Pierrot-criticism, I think I can adequately convey my opinion of *Linda Grey*, Mrs. Langtry's latest production at the Princess's, by a very simple gesture. I have only to shake my head violently. The play will not do. It is a posthumous work of the late Sir Charles Young, author of *Jim the Penman*, a drawing-room melodrama with which the later, and far inferior, piece has more points than one in common. The villain of the one play is a well-bred, well-dressed person; and so is the villain of the other. And they both allow themselves to be entrapped by a device of transparent simplicity—the one being induced to sign a cheque which proves him a forger, the other to produce a dagger which proves him a murderer. Mrs. Langtry, as usual, wears some very smart frocks; but, if I were the great M. Worth, I think I should expect her to give my dresses a better class of advertisement. What a lovely Pierrot she would make!

At the Criterion, Mr. Charles Wyndham has revived the pantomime of *Le Neveu Prodigue*—no! I mean the play of *The School for Scandal*, with himself as Charles Surface, Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Lady Teazle, and Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter;

and at the Vaudeville, Mr. Thorne has revived *Money*, with himself as Graves, Miss Kate Phillips as Lady Franklin, Mr. Conway as Evelyn, and Miss Dorothy Dorr (who strengthens the favourable impression she created in *Diamond Deane*) as Clara Douglas. Neither of these revivals calls for more than pantomimic comment. Pierrot-critic gives his eyes an upward turn, slightly shrugs his shoulders, discreetly hides his mouth with his hand, and—you understand? A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

WHAT is the function of the reviewer? This question is being kept pertinaciously before the public. M. Jourdain had spoken prose all his life without knowing it, and we expect the bulk of reviewers have been reviewing all their lives without being aware that they had anything so serious as a function. They review because they have to. It is automatic: you pay a penny a line or so, and the figure will review. Every periodical has its book column, a sort of statute-labour road through the wilds of literature for the running—the express-train, the telegraphic, telephonic reader. "That he who runs may read" indeed! We have changed all that. The reviewer is the macadamiser of this road. He breaks up books, "slates" them, as he calls it, and keeps his road as passable as he can. Whatever may be said of his work, it is required, and it might be done a great deal worse than it is.

THE public is apt to confuse the reviewer with the critic. A distinction between the two has been made before in these columns and elsewhere; but it may profitably be made again in new terms. There is as much difference between a reviewer and a critic, as there is between a maker of roads and a sculptor: the one breaks up his material into small fragments, the other carves out of it an image. Analogies prove nothing, but our purpose is to illustrate; and so, in another figure, the reviewer is like the biologist of Gotham, who put a body through a sausage-machine, dimly hoping to detect the vital principle; the critic is an artist who uses analysis, but is not its bondman.

MR. GEORGE MOORE and MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN are very good enemies, and fate seems to have determined that even in accidents the one shall not get the better of the other. The first edition of MR. MOORE'S new book had to be recalled on account of a printer's error; and so had the first edition of MR. BUCHANAN'S, although the error in the latter case might be mistaken for a joke of the publisher's. "The Coming Terror. ROBERT BUCHANAN," *sans phrase*, appeared on the cover. There is great virtue in "by"; and MR. HEINEMANN has inserted it.

MR. FAUX, the manager of SMITH'S Library, has discovered more than one rival among his correspondents to the man who asked for a copy of "Door's Dant." There is the gentleman who wrote for "Dive and Ho," and amended his order when it was queried to "Ive and Ho," increasing it also by a request for OUIDA'S "Tricky Trim." Another correspondent wished to read the works of "Harry Stoffle." He must have been a friend of the Irishman who was well acquainted with the writings of "Demmos Theenes" and "Thookydieds."

MR. LOUIS FAGAN, of the Print Department of the British Museum, and MRS. FAGAN, have just returned from their voyage round the world. While in Boston, MR. FAGAN delivered, by special request, at the Lowell Institute a course of eight lectures on the British Museum. He was also invited by the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of New York to give a series of lectures, but time being short, MR. FAGAN spoke for two nights only on the subject of engraving. While at Melbourne the Trustees of the Public Library were not slow to avail themselves of the presence of a British Museum official, and summoned a special meeting of the Board in order to elicit MR. FAGAN'S views as to the management of that important and rising institution. We understand that MR. FAGAN intends to deliver a second course of lectures on engraving in London this season.

A NEW edition of PRINCE NAPOLEON'S "Napoléon et ses Détracteurs" is issued this week by M. CALMANN LÉVY. The literary ability displayed by PRINCE NAPOLEON in this work makes one regret that he did not devote the latter portion of his life to the composition of a history of the Napoleonic "legend." Had he recognised that the end had come at Sedan, or, if that were too soon, then at the death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL, and accepted the *rôle* that fate seemed to give him as chronicler of his family, instead of leaving a very indefinite memory behind him, he might have gone down to posterity as the author of the "Napoleonade"—a work which will be written, sooner or later, by an abler man probably than PRINCE NAPOLEON, but not by one more in sympathy with his subject.

THE name of RESTIF DE LA BRETONNE is not particularly savoury to the English literary sense; and yet such a spiritual mind as SCHILLER'S found him even more than tolerable. He said of him to GOETHE that he had never met a nature so violently sensual; and he found his "Cœur Humain Dévoilé" invaluable on account of the crowd of life-like men and women described in it. RESTIF left behind him a journal written during 1780—87. Edited by M. PAUL COTTIN, this journal has been issued under the title of *Mes Inscripcions* in the "Bibliothèque Elzevirienne."

IT was M. PAUL JANNET who began the "Bibliothèque Elzevirienne." M. PAUL DAFFIS continued it, and now it is being issued from the Librairie Plon. The latter house continues an edition of the works of BRANTHOME in this library with the "Recueil des Dames." The editor is M. PAUL LACOUR, who had the collaboration of M. PROSPER MÉRIMÉE in the earlier volumes, and in the latter also in a measure, because he has in his possession all the notes and documents regarding BRANTHOME which MÉRIMÉE had prepared.

ANOTHER recent addition to the "Bibliothèque Elzevirienne" is a volume containing the tragedies of MONTCHRETIEN, one of the most remarkable disciples of GARNIER, the imitator of SENECA. MONTCHRETIEN is chiefly interesting to us on account of his visit to England, the consequence of a duel in which he killed his adversary. While at the court of JAMES I. he wrote a tragedy on MARY STUART, the first of the numerous works of fiction which cluster round the romantic story and wonderful personality of that ill-fated Queen. JAMES I., to whom he dedicated his play, obtained him permission to return to France. There he joined the Huguenots, and was killed in a skirmish some time before the fall of Rochelle.

DIDEROT'S "Neveu de Rameau," edited by M. E. THOINAN, and the poems of BERTAUT, edited by M. ADOLPHE CHENEVIÈRE, have also been added to the "Bibliothèque Elzevirienne," which, in type, price, the importance of the works, and the ability of the editing, competes easily with any series of books published here or on the Continent.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

In biography we have this week "Personal Reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield" (Cassell), by Henry Lake; "Collingwood" (Methuen), by W. Clark Russell; and "Players of the Period" (Dean), by Arthur Goddard, the first volume of a series of anecdotic, biographical, and critical monographs of the leading English actors of the day, illustrated with drawings, photographs, and autographs.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "Life of Longfellow" has been revised by the poet's brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, and the "final memorials" brought into their proper relation with the earlier volumes.

Two pamphlets of verse published this week are in their several ways curiosities. Mr. William Sharp's "Sospiri di Roma," a collection of blank verse pieces in irregular measures, has been printed for the author by *La Società Laziale*, Rome, and is issued in a white cover, with the title in purple letters. "Other Poems" (Stott), amounting to some five hundred lines altogether, are put up in the coarsest of "sugar" paper, but seem to be otherwise undistinguished.

Mr. Charles T. Jacobi, the manager of the Chiswick Press, has frequently observed a lack of that knowledge which is so essential to all who have to do with the production of books, and it was this that led to the composition of his charmingly bound and printed brochure, "On the Making and Issuing of Books" (Elkin Mathews).

The fiction of the week includes, in three volumes, "There and Back" (Kegan Paul), by George MacDonald; in two, "Bell Barry" (Chatto), by Richard Ashe King; "Stephen Vigil" (Chapman), by Daniel Dormer, and "My Face is my Fortune" (F. V. White), by F. C. Phillips and Percy Fendall; and in one volume, "A Little Girl, and other Stories" (Henry), by Mrs. Hungerford, being the new volume of the "Whitefriars Library"; "Save Me from my Friends" (Longmans), by E. F. Knight; "Ednor Whitlocks" (Chatto), by Hugh MacCall; and "Noughts and Crosses" (Cassell), stories, studies, and sketches, by "Q."

By the death of Keeley Halswelle the British landscape school has lost a painter with much delicacy of vision and touch. There may have been no startling qualities in Mr. Halswelle's work. His manner repeated itself indefinitely; for instance, in the well-known effect of fretted cloud: but few of our landscape artists had a greater charm in light and atmosphere, or a keener eye for the typical beauties of English scenery.

There is a certain hardness, perhaps, in the drawings with which Mr. Percy Moran and Mr. Léon Moran have illustrated Mr. Austin Dobson's handsome volume on Horace Walpole, but the book is an admirable witness of the taste and spirit of the publishers, Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Austin Dobson has handled a congenial theme with characteristic relish for the period and the personages of Walpole's Letters.

There is no need to explain to readers of The Speaker the identity of Mr. J. M. Barrie, one of the authors of the new play which was produced at the Criterion Theatre on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Barrie is the author of "A Window in Thrums" and of those "Thrums Gossips" which, twelve months ago, were the delight of many of our readers. *Richard Savage* is, we believe, his first essay as a dramatist, but it is not likely to be his last. We reserve, until next week, our criticism of the play produced on Thursday.

The art of interviewing has evidently not yet attained, in this country at all events, the pitch of perfection which is reached when the person interviewed is satisfied with the result of the operation. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, a few days ago, published a sprightly story of a meeting between its representative and Mr. Alfred Gilbert the eminent sculptor. But the narrative, so far from satisfying Mr. Gilbert, has drawn from that gentleman an emphatic protest, which contains something like a hint that the interviewer was compelled to cut short his conversation with Mr. Gilbert at the urgent request of the latter.

Joaquin Miller is building a house for himself in California, and writing a Life of Christ in verse. He means as nearly as possible to follow Bible lines, and will incorporate the "best of the parables, together with Psalms and Proverbs." He says: "I will invent some parables, of course, fitting them in the places where they belong. There is so much romance, beauty, and poetry, in the Bible, that it will not be at all difficult for me to select my themes and subjects. Christ was a beautiful man, lived among the most beautiful of women and the noblest surroundings. I can imagine those tall, dark-skinned, beautiful Jewish girls," etc. Early in life Miller learnt that originality was one of the gifts of the true poet. In endeavouring to be original he has succeeded in being eccentric; but that is no reason why he should travesty the New Testament.

The editor of an American paper called *The Writer* thinks that a manuscript should be kept going until it is either accepted or worn-out, and Mr. Henry Austin confirms this theory. He says: "When I have finished a poem, I make a careful list of the periodicals to which I think it is adapted, and give this list with the manuscript to my wife. That is the end of the matter for me. She goes methodically to work, trying one editor after another persistently, and never allowing the manuscript to rest until it has found its proper place. The result is that my cash receipts for manuscripts are more than double what they used to be when I sent manuscript out in a haphazard way, easily discouraged by one or two rejections, so that saleable poems were tossed into a drawer instead of being sent out again immediately upon their return." First write your saleable poetry, however.

THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL CONVENTION.

Melbourne, March 3rd.

After ten weeks of so much holiday-making and lotus eating as a bitterly cold summer has allowed, we are brought back again to a moderate state of political excitement by the gathering of the Federal Convention. It cannot be said that public opinion is very enlightened or very eager on the subject, but there is a general feeling that Federation must come sooner or later; and that even if the present Convention does not succeed in disposing of every difficulty, it may at least give us something better than disunion, and that may be improved upon as years go on. The *personnel* of the delegates from the different Colonies is decidedly good. It is of course ridiculous that colonies so small as Tasmania and Western Australia should send as many representatives as New South Wales and Victoria, but the presence of some men who are a little below the mark will not much matter, and we must hope the principle of absolute equality between big and small states will not be insisted on in

framing the constitution. Then again there have been changes of Ministry in every colony except New South Wales and Tasmania since the conference met. Past Ministers are therefore stronger in some cases than actual ones on the Convention, though never to an extent that need be dangerous, as it was a principle from the first always to include members of the Opposition. Our own Ministry is perhaps the most unfortunately placed. When its supporters were in opposition they dealt with the nomination of delegates very much as a matter of party patronage, and passed over their two best lawyers, Mr. Shiels and Sir Bryan O'Loghlen, in favour of Colonel Smith. The result is that our Premier, Mr. Munro, is the only representative of the Government at the Convention. Mr. Fitzgerald is perhaps more friendly than neutral, but Mr. Fitzgerald will represent his own opinions, which are those of an able man, and the interests of the Catholic Church and of the Irishry in Australia. Of the other five Colonel Smith is an alienated and very indignant supporter, while Mr. Gillies, Mr. Deakin, Mr. Wrixon, and Mr. Cuthbert, are ex-Ministers. The chances are that Mr. Munro, who is no great statesman, and who is going to the Convention without any plan of action or special knowledge of his subject, will be completely thrown into the shade by the Gillies Deakin phalanx. Our representatives are all men of good feeling and tact, and there is not much political bitterness between parties; but it is a little unfortunate that the actual depository of power in Victoria should represent only himself in the Convention. He is accompanied by the Attorney-General, with whom he can consult privately; but we should all have liked to see Mr. Shiels a member of the Convention. South Australia gains materially on this occasion by the accession of Sir John Downer, Mr. Kingston, and Mr. Gordon: the first a sound lawyer and veteran politician; the second an unscrupulously able man; and the third a young Australian with a good deal of speculative originality. In New South Wales Mr. Barton and Mr. Dibbs are I believe the most distinguished of the new men. From Queensland Sir Thomas McIlwraith, one of those Scotchmen who inevitably come to the front in new countries, contributes a very imposing personality. Two of the new men from Western Australia are interesting—Mr. Forrest, as Premier, and as the most successful of living Australian explorers, and Mr. Hacket, as a man of unusual cultivation, a Dublin man, barrister, and for some time lecturer on political economy in Melbourne. Mr. Hacket found that his Liberal opinions were fatal to his success in Victoria, and migrated to Western Australia, where he edits the leading paper. New Zealand sends three delegates, who are to watch proceedings, and whose presence is to show that New Zealand has Australasian sympathies, but who will not be empowered to pledge their Colony. The three have been very wisely chosen, and are men who would command the respect of any assembly in the world. Sir George Grey is, of course, known in England as explorer, philologist, ex-Governor of the Cape and of New Zealand, and not many years ago Premier of New Zealand—a man who has excited bitter hostility at times, but who has always commanded respect by his courage and ability. Sir Henry Atkinson is the ex-Premier, who has retrieved New Zealand finance, and introduced State insurance into New Zealand, a man of undeviating integrity, and who has only lost power because he was too broken in health to lead the House. Captain Russell, the youngest of the three, was Minister of Defence in the Atkinson Cabinet, and is a very popular and capable man of the aristocratic type. I am only mentioning a few names, and have said nothing about those who attended the conference a year ago. I assume that the names of Parkes, Gillies, Deakin, Griffith, &c., are already familiar to those of your readers who are interested in Australian politics.

It is popularly supposed that Protection is the lion in the way of the convention among great subjects, and that the choice of a capital, though a very minor matter, may prove to be extremely difficult. The *Age* newspaper, which is a little sceptical about a Customs union, and a little alarmed for Protection, points out that the speakers at the Conference took three very different views upon this subject: (1) that the fiscal difficulties might be overcome by a little give and take; (2) that federation was possible without a Customs union; and (3) that unless there was a Customs union, nothing worth calling federation was possible. I venture to think that another course is theoretically possible, and not unlikely to be discussed and perhaps adopted. The real difficulty, as I think I have told you, is not that one Free Trade Colony will object to adopting a Protectionist tariff, for New South Wales is rapidly coming over to the Protectionist camp, but that all the Sister Colonies wish to be protected for a term of years against Victorian competition. Practically, they are all, except New South Wales, already Protectionist, but they believe that their young industries require to be consolidated by the exclusion of all competition for a term of years. It might therefore be possible to arrange that each Colony should order its own tariff as it likes best for the next seven or ten years, and that at the end of that time the Custom-houses should pass under the control of the Federal Government. The Federal revenue would, of course, have to be derived in the meantime from contributions rateably assessed. Whether this would be a real solution of the difficulty, whether rings would not be found in every colony to protect the predominant interests and adjourn the day of the Customs union, is, I suppose, more than questionable; but to make all tariffs uniform at this moment would be exceedingly difficult, and politicians like to put off a day of settlement, and may fairly urge that ten years hence the federal feeling will be stronger, and the tariffs may have been modified in the same direction. On the whole, I think a compromise of this kind is the most likely. With respect to the choice of a capital, it is of course probable that the jealousies of Melbourne and Sydney will be strong enough to prevent either city from being selected. On the other hand, if these are set aside, no other actual capital will have a chance, and the precedents of Ottawa and Washington are likely to be followed. As the Murray divides Victoria and New South Wales, a town on its banks would be a natural site, and Albany is constantly spoken of as our Federal city of the future, while Echuca competes for the honour with fairly even claims. The *Argus* makes a suggestion, which does not appear to be intended as comic, but which it is difficult to take seriously, that the Federal institutions should be divided between the different capitals. "If the Patents Office were in one place the Postal department could be in the other." The other place in a not distant future might be Port Darwin, and a man having business at two offices would have to traverse the continent, while the colleagues of a Federal Premier would have to be permanently away from their offices or very constantly absent from the Cabinet. I think this difficulty of a common site will disappear in discussion. At the same time it is unfortunate that the press and Sir Henry Parkes have agreed that all the debates of the Convention are to be held in public. It is true Sir Henry's eloquence will be reported, and the papers will have abundant topics to discuss, and will sell better as the discussions are watched; but members will speak, as they did at the Conference, on every matter except the one in hand, and with a very careful regard to the votes in their constituencies. Canada would never have had its Dominion Parliament but for private sittings, in which the real work was done.

I hold strongly myself that the real difficulty in the way of Federation, though it may be shirked by common consent for a time, is the question of State boundaries. Queensland at this moment is eight times as large as Victoria, and more than twice as

large as New South Wales. Western Australia and South Australia are each enormously larger than Queensland. It is possible to disregard differences of area in the United States, because the whole number of States is considerable; but if there were only six or seven represented in the Senate, does anyone think that New York and Texas would let themselves be balanced by New Jersey and Delaware? There is already a strong party in Queensland that desires to separate North and South. It is certain that Broken Hill, the capital of our silver mining district, will not long endure to be governed from Sydney, which is eight hundred miles distant from it, and which is constantly scheming to divert the communications of Broken Hill with its natural port of shipment, Adelaide, so as to make ore and stores pass over the New South Wales lines. The propriety of dividing Western Australia has already been mooted in England, and if Port Darwin ever attains the position of a first-class port, as seems inevitable, to keep it subject to Adelaide would be like governing London from Inverness. Apart, however, from all questions of size and distance is the issue that the North seems to require coloured labour for its development. The white man can live and thrive in it if he is moderately temperate, but the white man either will not work at all, as in some kinds of labour on the sugar plantations, or will only work on prohibitive wages. You will see that the problem is a very difficult one. On the one hand, are we to leave a belt of country as large as Russia in Europe practically desert? on the other hand, are we deliberately to let a coloured population settle upon the continent, with the certainty that it will increase, degrade us by its contact, and possibly end by swamping white labour? The problem is not a remote one, for at this moment there is something like civil war between the shepherd kings of North Queensland and the shearers, and one of the issues debated is whether coloured labour may be employed on the runs. The topic will certainly be brought forward in the Convention; but only one or two Queensland delegates have a strong interest in fighting it, and the Victorians may join in shelving the question for the sake of present unity. It is incomparably the most momentous issue we have to decide. Personally, I would sooner see the North a desert than developed and peopled by coolies, Chinamen, or Hindoos.

THE HEAD OF THE CREEK.

IN general this is the first and last pilgrimage of my holidays; but this year I turned back halfway. There was no April along the hills, and no wind but a whistling east; nevertheless, had this been all, I should have persevered. What defeated me was the havoc right and left. The blizzard had stalked over the country like a mischievous giant with a walking stick, flogging the heads off growing plants, beating the hedgerows flat, and tying the longer grasses into absurd and unbecoming knots. It was as if a lover returning hotly to his mistress, should find her with her hair in curl-papers. A small lamb lay on the slope, dead and frozen, with the strong wind moving the wool along his flank. His mother had forsaken him, that bitter Monday night, to follow the storm, as sheep will; and now lay, two hundred yards off, under the hedge, where a line of snow still lingered, like the salt edge of a wave. In a lull of the blast I heard the noise of mallets beyond the creek's mouth, making good the damage done to vessels; but the damage around me seemed irreparable, and I went back.

It was the plantation at the head of the creek that I really feared to see, for the outline of its Scotch firs against the sky was altogether strange. Something had happened there quite unforeseen last November when, looking back on it from this very spot—

> "I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
> Stand shadowless like Silence listening
> To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
> Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn. . ."

But this was no more than a "sentimental" leave-taking. No apprehension of real loss infected it, and I had it in my mind to hear the cuckoo for the first time among those trees, next spring, as I have for a dozen years. "I used to imagine," says Jefferies, "that the cuckoo was fond of an echo, having noticed that a particular clump of trees overhanging some water, the opposite bank of which sent back a clear reply, was a specially favourite resort of that bird. . . . She might possibly have fancied that another bird was answering; certainly she 'cried' much longer there than in other places." I don't doubt that Jefferies was right: for here is such another spot. The trees overhang the creek steeply; the echo comes back from the opposite hill as clear as a bell; and year by year I let the tide carry my boat up and can count on hearing the cuckoo at my ease. It is well to drift up with a flowing tide, for the folks believe, in these parts, that as you are—in comfort or discomfort—when first you hear this bird's note, so you will remain throughout the year.

This fancy of the cuckoo for an echo is just one of those queer facts in natural history which never get into the handbooks. Another, roundly asserted from time to time by the uneducated rustic, and unflinchingly denied by well-informed persons who date their letters from museums, is that the viper will swallow her young on the approach of danger. Now, I believed the well-informed until last September, when there was brought me a viper which had been killed by several smart blows with a twig on the warm bank which divides the arable land from the slopes that dip to the creek. She measured eighteen-and-a-half inches. Observing her protuberant belly, I made an incision through the abdominal walls and slit up the intestinal canal, turning out six young vipers that lay loose, not coiled, in the œsophagus and stomach. They were from five to six inches long—but the cuckoo is leading me astray. She is not due for many weeks, this backward season. Last year she was heard on the 19th of April, but last year she came early, and as yet there have been no swallows to prepare her coming.

I turned back from my walk. The next morning the rain fell in sheets, and continued, with brief intervals, for three days. "Don't grumble," said the country people; "it's bringing down the cold. When the cold's all down there'll be spring." Then followed a balmy day when the west wind blew, till four in the afternoon, across a sky full of sunshine, and April came at a stride—

> "April, pride of murmuring
> Winds of spring,
> That beneath the winnowed air
> Trap with subtle nets and sweet
> Flora's feet,
> Flora's feet, the fleet and fair. . ."

as Mr. Lang beautifully translates the old French lyric. "Winnowed" was exactly the word, not only for the atmosphere, but the grasses that the blizzard had tangled. To walk abroad that evening was to attend a great feast of purification. The wind licked each tangle of twig and blade, and combed it out: like the man in "Baron Munchausen," you could really hear the grass growing. And one felt, somehow, that the year would be all the stronger for being backward: nature being the better for a deep sleep, and liable, like man, to grow anæmic if worked too hard. Beside my creek, at any rate, she woke up sudden and strong. The mad *allegro* of Rémy Belleau's lyric, just quoted, has been noted often enough; but, properly pronounced, the word "April" gives you the spirit of the season. It is no wonder that a language finds poets to use her when she arms them with two words so expressive as "April" and "October," the one vivacity itself, the other with its open o's royally melancholy. They being

given, it was surely but a question of time before the one "put a spirit of life in everything" and the other marked that "most immemorial year."

It was a good three days later, however, and the blackthorn dotted with buds like tiny white roses, before I set off again for the head of the creek. In those three days the primroses had multiplied by tens of thousands and lined the bank on my left hand all the way. I speak of them because I have a conjecture to hazard. Everybody knows the song in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, beginning

"Roses, their sharp spines being gone," . . .

and that the commentators are in doubt whether to attribute it to Shakespeare or Fletcher. This question does not concern me, but the interpretation of the lines,

"Primrose, firstborn child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger
With her bells dim."

Mr. Bullen says this "cannot be what the poet wrote, for primroses have no bells;" and Mr. W. J. Linton suggests that we read "with harebell slim," instead. "Harebells," no doubt, is a tempting conjecture, though I would have them "dim," not "slim" (cf. "Violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes") for "dim" is a peculiarly characteristic word as applied to the colour of harebells. I believe myself, however, that the poet wrote the verse just as it is printed above; but that he did not mean the second line to be taken as the explanation of the first at all. In the first he speaks of the primrose, in the second he alludes to the harebell as ringing in the spring, and with a touch of malice added "with her bells dim" in order that by this semi-pun the dull hearer might assure himself of the flower that was really meant. As for the authorship of the song, people may believe what they list; but nobody will persuade me that any other than Shakespeare's self wrote—

"Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,"

or,

"Oxlips in their cradles growing."

The birds that haunt the shores of the creek are almost all vagrants or outlaws. Not a thrush could be heard until I reached the plantation, nor any of the smaller singing birds. I have seen the principal cause of this, often enough, in a pair of hawks that hunt the hills here sedulously. They were not in sight this afternoon; but, as a set-off, I startled two jays and, soon after, no less than nine magpies that sat in parliament and talked, I believe, about the dead lamb. These, no less than the hawk, are deadly foes of the singing birds: so that the only sounds along the upland were the plaintive note of the gulls, the warning thump of a rabbit as he heard me from the mouth of his burrow, and the slow flap of a single heron half-way between me and the green water. The creek itself is always desolate, being set apart for deserted and decaying hulls, and such vessels as contain explosives or zymotic diseases. It was high tide as I passed, but at the ebb the water pouring from half a dozen rotten holds keeps a mournful music.

I reached the plantation and dropped over the stile, and knew that I had lost more than many summers can heal. My friends lay to right and left—not at length, for they grew too closely; but the uprooted ones had sunk back into their comrades' arms, like wounded soldiers. In one of them a pair of missel thrushes has built, spring after spring—"holm-scritch," they call the bird here. They chose it six years ago and the other birds at once gave them a wide berth. Now the missel thrush is peculiarly tenacious of his favourite spot, and will defend his nest like a winged fury. So I was wondering what he would make of this when, looking up, I saw him in the next tree, regarding the alterations with disgust. I am off this very afternoon to see how he has decided. Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES DISPUTE.

SIR,—In reference to the telegrams *viâ* Halifax concerning the action of the Newfoundland Government in connection with the supply of bait to the Canadians, I would respectfully ask you to receive them with a certain amount of reserve until the facts are known through the Newfoundland Premier and his co-delegates, now on their way to this country.

The telegrams are evidently sent in the interests of the Tory Government of Canada, and the local jealousy of the Halifax merchants is great enough to magnify any action Newfoundland desires to take with regard to the United States, which action is unfairly assumed to be hostile to Canada.

Newfoundland has no commercial war with the United States, and Canada has, and desires to suppress any freedom of action on the part of the smaller Colony in the hope of forcing it into Confederation with the Dominion. As to the idea of the Tory Government of England recalling Sir Terence O'Brien, and reducing the island to the condition of a Crown Colony, because its people take different views as to its necessities from those held by the Ottawa Government, I need not trespass upon your time to expose its absurdity.

With regard to the Coercion Act now pending to enforce the execution of the treaties by irresponsible naval officers, from whose decision there is *absolutely no appeal*, Englishmen should assist us to uphold the independence of our Courts—which are fully competent to carry out the treaties. The rights of British citizens under the British Constitution are of as much importance as the rights of the French under the treaties, and rest upon a more substantial basis.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

G. ALLEN,
Representing the *Harbour Grace Standard*,
London, April 10th, 1891. Newfoundland.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, April 17th, 1891.

IT has always seemed to me strange that Lord Bacon should have cared to have added to the third edition of his Essays, which was most carefully considered by him and greatly enlarged, the one on Prophecies. I am very glad he did, being one of those who are disposed to believe that *les frivoles ont peut-être raison;* but the essay, it must be owned, exemplifies that turn for triviality which its illustrious author possessed, and which some hasty generalisers have sought (inadequately) to account for by his legal training and profession.

The essay is the one in which Bacon, amongst many other anecdotes, tells how Henry VI. said of Henry VII., when the latter was a boy and gave the king some water to wash with, "This is the lad that shall enjoy the crown for which we strive," and also repeats the "trivial prophecy" he heard when he was a child and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years—

"'When hempe is spunne
England's done,'

"whereby it was generally conceived that after the princes had reigned which had the principial (Baconese for initial) letters of that word Hempe (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth) England should come to utter confusion, which, thanks be to God, is verified only in the change, for that the king's style is now no more of England but of Britain."

Who can say that our present political confusion of Liberals, Dissentient Liberals, Tories and Tory Democrats, is not to be accounted for by the fact that our orators and writers are wont to return to the old exploded style and say England when they ought to say Britain? Scotch Home Rule papers, please copy.

As to the other story, it is interesting to notice that Henry VII. treasured the saying—or "divining thought," as Shakespeare, who seized upon the incident, called it—in his heart, and when it was

translated into fact became a suitor, so Bacon tells us in his History, "to Pope Julius to canonise King Henry the VI. for a saint. Julius referred the matter (as the manner is) to certain cardinals to take the verification of his holy acts and miracles, but it died under the reference. The general opinion was that Pope Julius was too dear and that the King would not come to his ratis. But it is more probable that the Pope, who was extremely jealous of the See of Rome and of the acts thereof, knowing that King Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, was afraid that it would but diminish the estimation of that kind of honour if there was not a distance kept between innocents and saints." When we remember, as we ought, that in this context "innocents" mean "idiots," we are able to apprehend—and, I hope, to appreciate—the distinction his Holiness was so careful to preserve.

Our thoughts have been turned into this channel, or rather runlet, by the sudden revival of interest in the prophet Nixon, an innocent of olden times with whose prophecies the dwellers in Cheshire and its many adjacent counties have for centuries been acquainted, but who finds himself for the nonce attracting the notice of that vast and wandering ocean of idle curiosity known as the reading or glancing public. The preamble to the prophecy of Nixon is simple and effective: "In the reign of King James the I. there lived a fool whose name was Nixon. One day he came in from plough out of the field, and laying down the things he had in his hands, he remained for a little while in the dumps, and then with a hoarse voice said, 'Now I'll prophesy,' and he spoke as follows." Though Nixon was the tersest of his tribe, he must be curtailed in these columns. He begins romantically with a raven: "When a raven shall build in a stone lion's mouth," but soon, like a true prophet, descends to detail: "but a miller named Peter shall be born with two heels on one foot, and at that time living in a mill of Mr. Cholmondley's, shall be instrumental in delivering the nation." The oldest text, after saying that a crow from the top of a pillar should drink of the best blood in England, concludes thus: "A boy shall be born with three thumbs, and shall hold three kings' horses while England shall three times be won and lost in one day."

Somehow or another, the reason does not obtrude itself upon the reader, these utterances of Nixon, or what passed for such, became popular, and in manuscript form passed from hand to hand, and being committed to memory, were transmitted from father to son. The Jacobites utilised them for their nefarious purposes in the affairs both of '15 and '45, and it was in this connection that the attention of the polite reader was first called to them.

In his twenty-fifth "Freeholder," a delightful series in which politics and letters are blended with skill as consummate as it is unique, Addison, writing on or as for the 12th of March, 1716, says, "Nay, I have been lately shown a written prophecy that is handed among them (the Jacobites) with great secrecy, by which it appears their chief reliance at present is upon a Cheshire miller who was born with two thumbs upon one hand." Thus are prophets murdered. Addison has mixed up the Miller and the Boy, the two heels with the three thumbs.

Fielding makes much the same mistake in "Tom Jones," where he introduces Partridge, who was a Jacobite, saying, "All the prophecies I have ever read speak of a great deal of blood to be spilt in the quarrel, and the miller with three thumbs who is to hold the horses of three kings up to his knees in blood." But Partridge was a muddle-headed fellow, and was avowedly only quoting from memory—a thing which no man can be trusted to do. It is, however, better to be misquoted by two such famous authors as Addison and Fielding than not to be quoted at all.

Nixon's Prophecy was first printed in 1714 by Oldmixon, since which date there have been numerous editions in cheap form, some adorned with a portrait of the prophet, wholly imaginative and highly coloured. There was an edition printed in Birmingham in 1820, "adorned with the most wonderful portrait of Nixon that was ever imagined by a chapbook artist." This probably was the edition perused by Samuel Weller, and so occasioned his famous remark, "You've been a-prophesyin' away very fine, like a red-faced Nixon as the sixpenny books gives picters on."

The readers of "Pickwick" no man can number, but not many of them stopped to inquire who or what was a red-faced Nixon? but in the fulness of time Calverley arose and bluntly put the question in his famous examination paper, which, having been recently made public, has led Pickwickians all the world over to inquire curiously into this matter of Nixon. Addison, Fielding, Dickens, and Calverley are names of authority quite sufficient to *visé* a passport to immortality. Nixon was a fool, to start with, and his readers for the most part have belonged to the same category. Still, were it not for a distressing doubt whether such a man ever existed, I should hope, being in fair health, to live to read his biography in Mr. Leslie Stephen's "National Dictionary," which, I remember as I write, includes King Arthur among the A's.

Dr. Ormerod, the well-known historian of Cheshire, did not believe there ever was such a person as Nixon, and it is admittedly impossible to fix his date. Nor can the text of the prophecy attributed to him be relied upon. Oldmixon printed the *editio princeps* from a manuscript in the possession of Lady Cowper—at least, he says he did; but Oldmixon's word cannot be taken for anything—at least, so Pope asserts:

> "With royal favourites in flattery vie,
> And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie."

And Macaulay says the same, and this notwithstanding Oldmixon was a Whig. But, dear me! who nowadays will vouch for either Pope or Macaulay? Where are doubts to end? For my part, I find no difficulty whatever in believing that there was once a fool called Nixon who cried out, with a hoarse voice, "Now I'll prophesy."

It would seem there were at least two Nixons who prophesied, for amongst the papers of a Cheshire gentleman, deceased, a manuscript has been found in verse of the prophecy, which runs, or rather limps, to much greater length than the prose version:

> "Landlords shall stand,
> With hat in their hands,
> To desire tenants to hold their lands."

Here Nixon, or one of them, would seem to be squinting (to use a picturesque old phrase) at the present state of the Eastern Counties. Cheshire has never seen those days. He proceeds—

> "Great wars and pressing of soldiers,
> But at last clubs and clouted shoes shall carry the day."

Nixon, after all, seems to have had the root of the matter in him.

Bacon says of the like of Nixon, "My judgment is that they ought all to be despised and ought to serve but for winter-talk by the fire-side." I am well within the Chancellor's exception as I write, though what sort of weather it will be when I am read I will not venture to prophesy, being neither wholly an "innocent" nor altogether a "saint."

A. B.

REVIEWS.

ANOTHER STUDY OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, CONSIDERED WITH SOME REFERENCE TO ITS ORIGINS. By John Fiske. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THE author of the present volume, who must be carefully distinguished from several other bearers of his own and kindred names, has given good help in several earlier books to an object than which few are more praiseworthy. A great metropolis and a great colony are sometimes tempted to forget their relations to one another. That this can be is a singular phenomenon of the modern world. No man at Tyre or Corinth needed reminding that the men of Carthage or of Syracuse were men who had gone forth from his own city. No man at Carthage or Syracuse needed reminding that it was from Tyre or Corinth that his forefathers had come forth. But many people on both sides of the Ocean are unwilling to acknowledge the strictly analogous fact that the Kingdom of Great Britain and the United States of America are two powers, two nations, of the same English stock and speech and law, standing to one another in the same relation in which the Greek or Phœnician metropolis and its independent colony stood to one another. It may be worth mentioning, as an illustration of our meaning, that a little time back we chanced to read two novels, the story of which was laid in the time of the American War of Independence. One kept the language of the time and opposed "provincial" and "continental" to "British"; the other, like fashionable translators, corrected the natural speech of the actors by the model of the morning's newspaper, and opposed "American" to "English." Mr. Fiske knows better. We are not sure that he would altogether approve himself either to an Athenian philosopher of the days of Saint Paul or to a German critic of our own day. "Nichts neues," the familiar *damnamus* for the writer who thinks over the things that have been, instead of guessing at the things that never were, might perhaps seem a little strong as applied to Mr. Fiske. His book is not large, but we think it contains some things that might be new even to a German professor. Certainly Mr. Fiske says many things which have been said before, but which it was nevertheless well to say again. A higher authority than Athenian philosopher or German professor has a good word for the scribe who brings out of his treasure things old as well as new; and to that form of praise Mr. Fiske has made out a very good claim indeed.

Mr. Fiske insists also on another point which is good for all times and places—this is, that everybody should take the trouble to understand the exact nature of the Government, general and local, under which he lives. Perhaps this is specially true in the United States, where, not only does the federal system supply in everything the two elements of the Union and the State, but where powers less than the State have such wide importance on all branches of life. He who has the good luck to have to do with a New England *town*, or the bad luck to have to do with a *city* in most parts of the Union, will fully understand this. But the rule is true everywhere. The mass of people here in England have very little notion of the working of any branch of administration, great or small. Sometimes, to be sure, it is the fault of modern legislation, the fault of the slovenly way in which documents in general, from Acts of Parliament downwards, are now drawn, and of the odd names which are given to some of the institutions which are called into being. It is a fact that three professors of law, all of them men of renown, were unable to give another professor in another branch any exact definition of a "county borough." All that the joint understanding of the four was able to grasp was that a "county borough" did not mean, what it might naturally be thought to mean, a city or borough which forms a county of itself, like Exeter or Kingston-on-Hull. In America things are perhaps clearer; sometimes indeed they are of a degree of practical clearness which might seem hardly consistent with legal definition. There is something strange in legislation which recognises political parties and accepts their popular names as legal descriptions. Who would undertake to define "Conservative," "Liberal," "Unionist," or any other name of the kind, in an Act of Parliament or in an Act of any other public body? Who would pledge himself that the definition proposed on one side of the House might not be met by an amendment on the other? Yet Mr. Fiske shows us how Massachusetts has adopted from Australia a form of voting by ballot in which candidates are described in the voting-paper—a legal document—as "Republican," "Democratic," and "Prohibition." The voter, to be sure, may, if he pleases, vote for some one who is not "in the ballot," and who has no particular political description; but it would seem that those three at least are acknowledged as descriptions known to the law. We wait to see what would be the judicial decision in a suit complaining that a candidate had been wrongly described.

Mr. Fiske goes back to the beginning of things. In his second chapter he starts with "The New England Township"; but there is a first chapter before that, in which he discusses the nature of "government" and the origin and use of the name. He mentions the modern English use of the word "Government," by which it has come to mean the body of official persons actually in power, as when we speak of "Mr. Gladstone's Government," "Lord Salisbury's Government." We wonder that he does not point out how very recent that usage is. It does not seem so very long since we heard, not of Lord Grey's or the Duke of Wellington's *Government*, but of his *Ministry;* and when the result of a division was described as a "majority for or against *Ministers*." But Mr. Fiske has hardly quite caught the modern use. He says, "by 'the Gladstone Government' we mean Mr. Gladstone, with his colleagues in the Cabinet and his Liberal majority in the House of Commons." But the phrase "the Gladstone Government" would certainly mean more than Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in the Cabinet, and it would not take in the "Liberal majority in the House of Commons," adherents of the "Government," but not members of it. We have heard a Master of the Buckhounds speak of himself as "a member of the Government," and that a Government of Mr. Gladstone's. He confessed, to be sure, that his position in the Government was a humble one; but he was in the Government all the same. Let us add a quotation from the "bibliographical note" at the end of his first chapter:—

> "There is no better commentary on my first chapter than the lurid history of France in the eighteenth century. The strong contrast to English and American history shows us most instructively what we have thus far escaped."

Mr. Fiske, according to his own principles, should have said "British" rather than "English;" but it is pleasant to see English history in two parts of the world assumed as essentially two parts of the same whole.

Mr. Fiske's real work begins with the Town-Meeting, the special institution of New England, the counterpart of the Swiss *Landesgemeinde*, the happy offshoot of the stock of the elder England, adapting itself to the special circumstances of the New. An institution, not actually dead, but fast tending to the state of a survival, springs up again with fresh life in a new state of things where it is specially needed. Mr. Fiske finds the origin of the town-meeting in the hoariest depths of Teutonic antiquity, and he does not forget to point out analogous institutions among other kindred people. But he also describes its history in its new home, and the details of its working at this day where it is left. He shows how the Old-English *town* was affected by the growth of the parish and the manor; he shows how in New England it was affected by the nature of the

settlement, the groups not being clans or *gentes*, as of old, but church congregations. European continentals are constantly puzzled at finding that an English parish has civil powers; they cannot conceive the parish as anything but an ecclesiastical body. How the anomaly, as it seems to them, grew up both in Old and New England is shown plainly enough by Mr. Fiske.

Mr. Fiske goes up from the smallest elements of the commonwealth to the greatest—the right way everywhere, and specially in dealing with a federal system. He points out the two great types of American local life, that of New England and that of Virginia, and the other forms that have sprung up beside them. The Virginian *parish* answers to the New England *township*, but it is a feeble thing by the side of it. Virginia grew up with large estates and with nothing to be called towns in the British sense; the *county* fills a larger space there than in New England. The traveller notices that in Virginia he hears the word *county* very much oftener than in New England: Mr. Fiske will tell him the reason. And he points out the difference in nomenclature, how, as he truly puts it, "whole chapters of history are wrapped up in geographical names." In New England the county often takes the name of a town; in Virginia the town, which grows up round the county court-house, often takes the name of the county.

Then comes the "city," formed no doubt after models in Old England, but which has practically come to be the thrusting-in of a very corrupt infusion into the older and healthier elements of township and county. On this matter Mr. Fiske is not afraid to speak out. He describes the state of things, and sums up with an impartial saying:—

"Our republican government, which, after making all due allowances, seems to work remarkably well in the rural districts, in the States, and in the nation, has certainly been far less successful as applied to cities."

We must here correct one slip of Mr. Fiske's. He says that the burgesses of London "could elect their own chief magistrate, who was called the port-reeve, inasmuch as London is a sea-port." The title of *port-reeve*, once a very common one, and which lived on in several places till Sir Charles Dilke swept it away the other day, has nothing whatever to do with a haven. Port, portreeve, portway, portman, *portmannagemót*, have all simply to do with *town*, not with *haven*. *Port* was one of the earliest Latin words to creep into the English tongue; but it is "porta" that it represents, not "portus."

Next we rise to the State and its history, its growth out of the dependent colony, "province," or "plantation." Mr. Fiske points out the change in the use of this last name, and he might have found something to say about the "provinces." It would have made many things clearer if it had been always remarked that when the independent States, by virtue of their independence, ceased to be *provinces*, they did not thereby cease to be *colonies*. In dealing with "the period of transition"—that is, the time of the growth of the State Governments—Mr. Fiske is coming back to an old subject of his. He remarks how very little change really took place in the advance from the provincial to the independent Governments, and specially how several experimental systems were tried and failed, and the older model was preferred in the end. Thus, while some States tried a plural Executive or a single Chamber, all in the end came round to the general model of Governor, Senate, and House of Representatives, under whatever name. Herein comes the saying of Mr. Bryce about the effects of the State Constitutions on the Constitution of the Union, when it came. But we must not forget how Connecticut and Rhode Island went on through many years of independence fully satisfied with the old charters of provincial days. In truth, in the State Constitutions we see the working of the theoretical English monarchy, only with an elective and temporary king. The Governor is bound by the law; but he is not bound to act by the advice of a Ministry, nor is he bound to give his assent to every Act of the Legislature.

Then follows a more general chapter on written constitutions, with some remarks on the direct popular action in the revising of State constitutions and its analogy to the Swiss *Referendum*. Mr. Fiske remarks on the present practice, "that it tends to confuse the very valuable distinction between a constitution and a body of statutes, to necessitate a frequent revision of constitutions, and to increase the cumbrousness of law-making." An early case was the famous clause against the Jesuits in the Swiss Federal Constitution of 1848. It might be needful as a matter of policy; but, as far as form went, it was a matter of ordinary legislation, quite out of place in the constitution of a federal body.

Lastly comes the discussion of the Federal Constitution in its several branches, and the whole ends up with "A Few Words about Politics." Mr. Fiske does not mean party politics, but various points connected with the working of the federal system. He ends with the new way of voting brought in from Australia, of which we have already said something. And he gives an appendix of documents, not only the Federal Constitution and the Articles of Confederation that went before it, not only the New York Corrupt Practices Act, but the Great Charter and the Confirmation. This is just what Mr. Fiske was sure to do, and just as it should be.

The sets of questions at the end of each section have an unpleasant look, but they may have a practical use. The bibliographical notes throughout the book are, in any case, thoroughly in place.

E. A. F.

AN ECONOMIC IDEAL.

FREE EXCHANGE: Papers on Political and Economical Subjects, including Chapters on the Law of Value and the Unearned Increment. By the Right Hon. Sir Louis Mallet, C.B. Edited by Bernard Mallet. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

THE late Sir Louis Mallet had opportunities for combining deductive reasoning with practical experience such as have fallen to the lot of very few professed political economists. The friend and disciple of Cobden, and a leading member of the club which bears that statesman's name, the joint framer with him of the Commercial Treaty with France in 1860, and the English official principally concerned in arranging that with Austria in 1866, long a member of the Indian Council, and with a brilliant record at the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade, he had passed the best part of his working life in contact with practical problems of economics. The best testimony to his exceptional powers of clear thought and statement is that though the latter portion of this book is to a great extent, as his son tells us, "a mosaic pieced together from note-books," we should hardly notice it if we had not been told. Father and son have done their work well. It is indeed a pity that the book should have been interrupted by the author's labours on the Gold and Silver Commission, and that its resumption should have been checked by his death. For what he had in view was nothing less than a complete exposition and justification of the ideal of the "Manchester School," which German professors, English Fair Traders and Jingoes, American Protectionists, and Socialists of all countries, have combined to attack and contemn.

This ideal may be gathered from the essays (some of which have appeared before) which make up the first half of the book. Briefly it is, perfect freedom of exchange of services and commodities at home and abroad, in order to increase the net produce which is "the great aim of civilisation," and diminish the evils of that monopoly "which is of the essence of all property." And as a "spirited foreign policy" is incompatible with all this, Cobden's support of free trade, free exchange, and non-intervention is all based on the same principle just as, we

may remark, Protectionism and the mercantile system in the last century were the direct product of constant expectation of war.

The first part of the book also includes an attack on the Fair Trade schemes—which shows that even Sir Louis Mallet's acumen could not quite detect their principle—a clear statement, already well known, of the case for Bimetallism, and a discussion of the "National Income and Taxation," with special reference to the "Unauthorised Programme" which emanated from Birmingham before the General Election of 1885.

The second part of the book is a defence of the theory best known in England through Jevons, that value is determined primarily by utility, combined with limitation, and by cost of production only indirectly, as affecting this latter. If so, it is argued, the "unearned increment" of land is a misnomer. You cannot divide the value of land into two parts—one dependent on the average cost of producing its products; the other, on the increased demand for them or for its use. "Unearned increment" belongs to all purchaseable things, and to tax it in the case of rents only would be unfair. It would also be impolitic; for it would remove one great check to the increase of population and the nationalisation of the land; and such other forms of State Socialism, as for instance, the provision of workmen's dwellings out of public money, would do so even more effectually.

We believe this theory of value is now generally accepted, and the old views as to the relation of value and cost of production in different classes of commodities are abandoned. Nor would it matter much if economists, following Professor Thorold Rogers, dropped those parts of the Ricardian theory of rent which connect it with differences of soil, and ceased to treat it as a unique phenomenon. Socialists already speak of a "rent of ability;" and the railway companies in America and elsewhere which build their lines out of mortgage bonds, and then issue their shares, really capitalise the future increment of their interest and profits rather than of their rent. And nobody objects. But the author's practical conclusions are excellent illustrations of the weakness of the Ricardian or abstract deductive method—even though he repudiates Ricardo's theory. Taxation of ground-rents is, as he suggests, a peculiarly English problem. If the ground landlord in London would sell as freely as we believe he does in New York, it might not have arisen. But when the Portman and the Grosvenor estates are sold in lots by public auction it will be time to talk about free competition as affecting land; and when a sliding scale shall ensure that each increase of the rates shall be shifted in due proportion from the occupier to the landowner, it will be time to cease advocating a special tax on ground-rents. Till then "perfectly free competition" and fair taxation will not exist, and it will be idle to act as if they did.

Throughout the latter part of the book, too, we constantly feel that applied economics require a measure of tendencies which is precisely what the Ricardian method cannot give. "Inductive economics" can suggest rough estimates, and statistics can make these more precise. But "tendencies" are only potentialities, liable to be checked by various circumstances outside abstract theory. The deductive school tends to treat them as actualities and to disregard counteracting causes. For instance, the author had constantly before his eyes the tendency of population to outrun the means of subsistence. He objected to "municipal socialism" and taxation of ground-rents because he thought they would stimulate this tendency. It surely escaped his notice that the improved primary education, for instance, which might very likely result would probably stimulate the adoption of a higher standard of comfort, and so act as a preventive check.

The book is a far more effective "Plea for Liberty" than that recently noticed in these columns. Unfortunately, observation shows that its assumptions are not all true. The conception of economic freedom is of slow growth; it is applied to services later than to commodities; and special conditions prevent its complete application to the former even now. It is still an ideal, but one which the heirs of Cobden should always keep in view, remembering that the inevitable departures from the letter of the Cobdenite creed—in the matter of the Factory Acts, for instance—should always be planned with a view to the better realisation of its spirit.

THE THEORY OF LIGHT.

THE THEORY OF LIGHT. By Thomas Preston, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin, Lecturer in Mathematics and Mathematical Physics, University College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co.

AT length we have a substantial English treatise on optical theory. Some years ago Mr. Glazebrook brought out a small text-book which has been extremely useful, and on many branches of the subject is still specially valuable, but the ordinary parts of the theory were rather inadequately and hurriedly treated. Hence English students have had to depend for the greater part of their higher reading on the works of French writers, with whom Light has always been a favourable subject ever since the memorable and brilliant epoch of Fresnel. The writings of Jamin, of Verdet, and of Billet, have been the stock reservoir of the higher optical knowledge, and throughout a considerable part of the century most of the optical text-books published in this country have been dull, poverty-stricken, and repulsive. And despite the brilliant work of Sir George Stokes, it must be said that, directly or indirectly, Cambridge has been to blame for this state of things; partly by its separation of geometrical from physical optics, but mainly by its bald and unsympathetic treatment of what it retained as a branch of pseudo-geometry with approximations.

With a few notable exceptions, the history of optical science in England is not a record of which we can be proud. Our great man (after Newton), a contemporary and equal of Fresnel, Thomas Young—a man of whom we at that time were not worthy—was treated by our omniscient Lord Chancellor Brougham with scorn and derision, and in the end was successfully dispirited and silenced. Young's scientific successors in optical theory have been nurtured not on this island at all, not even on the northern portion of it, but in the sister isle of wrongs and genius. McCullagh, and Rowan Hamilton, Lloyd, and Jellett, are some of the names which have kept the torch of optical science well alight in Trinity College, Dublin; and the two first were giants in the land. Trained in this school, our present author, Mr. Preston, is now trying his wings, with a result which should bring him not a little fame and encouragement.

There are some statements in his opening historical summary on which we should like to join issue with him, or at least hear what he has to say in defence of them; but as soon as we come to the solid part of the book, especially the more mathematical portions in small print, we have nothing but unqualified praise. It is the very model of what an advanced text-book ought to be, and the mathematical proofs are given with a crispness and simplicity which furnish a continual treat.

The book is not, indeed, to be mentioned along with such an original masterpiece as Lord Rayleigh's "Sound," though, indeed, with the first volume of that work it is not wholly incomparable; but among regular and comprehensive text-books written for the higher class of student, this treatise of Mr. Preston stands very high indeed, if not at the top of the tree. The clear-cut and polished method of stating the proofs, each thrown into the form most immediately suitable to the particular problem in hand, and each written out in the neatest and most satisfactory style, may perhaps be a Dublin fashion;

if so, it is a very welcome fashion, and will tend to increase the repugnance already felt for that large class of existing mathematical text-books constructed on a very different model.

Recently optical literature has been enriched by a remarkable article on "The Wave Theory" in the last volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" but the exigencies of space seem to have crowded and condensed it into a form which makes it rather difficult reading. We should recommend students to master Mr. Preston's book first—for, while it covers a good part of the same ground, it does so in a fuller, and therefore easier, manner—and then to attack the still higher and more difficult problems opened out to them in parts of that article. There is an article entitled "Optics," also by the same pen, but that is light and easy reading comparatively, and is probably already familiar. Such treatises as these must exercise a distinct effect on national progress in the higher regions of science, and we are fortunate in occasionally being able to persuade our leaders to write them. Mr. Preston's book serves as an admirable introduction to all the higher ranges of optical science.

Into the details of the book it would not be suitable here to enter; suffice it to say that the treatment of diffraction is specially noteworthy, and embodies the most recent methods of expressing the phenomena by the help of spirals; the difficult subject of reflexion is thoroughly discussed in the light of the different theories; those of McCullagh receiving fuller notice than is customary in the books emanating from Paris; and a short chapter on Maxwell's electrical theory of light, with some account of Hertz's experiments and theoretical developments, forms a sort of nucleus for what must be a work of the future—viz., a treatment of the entire subject of radiation from a purely electro-magnetic point of view.

A MINOR HERO.

The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach. A True Story. Translated from the German of Emil Kraus by H.R.H. Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg. London: John Murray.

Strictly speaking, Count George Albert of Erbach had only one adventure. He was travelling in Italy to complete his education, as was the custom of his rank and time, and he was persuaded to make one of a party of Germans in a visit to Malta, the "island of heroes," the seat of the Knights of St. John. On their way back they were captured by Turkish pirates, and Count George, with such of his companions as survived the fight, was kept for five months in slavery at Tunis. He might have been ransomed sooner, but he honourably refused to treat for himself alone, and he refused also to disclose the name of his family, expecting by this policy to get off cheaper. The result was that his captors, seeing in him a young man of majestic stature and stately manners—he stood six feet two—believed they had secured a very valuable prize indeed, a prince or a nobleman of a high and wealthy house, and held out for a proportionate ransom. He, on his side, with praiseworthy generosity, was resolved not to consent to a sum that would impoverish his family. He was thrown into a pestilential gaol with the vilest criminals; he was loaded with chains; he was put to hard labour in the burning sun; he was bastinadoed; but he would own to no name but plain "George Heidelberger," and he strenuously denied that he was of royal blood. He had even strength of mind enough to resist gentler persuasives. The Bey's bewitching daughter was brought to bear upon him, a girl of seventeen, Selima, described as a lovely creature, of Oriental grace and charm, of keen wit, of shrewd sense, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of the French language. The young count was invited to her apartments to play chess with Selima, and she was set on by her artful father to worm his secret out of him. She failed to do this; but she fell in love with the handsome and courteous prisoner, and with Oriental frankness made him an offer of her heart and hand if only he would embrace the Mohammedan faith. Her father was quite willing, and hinted at prospects of succession to the throne of Tunis. But the steadfast young man was not to be moved; he went back to his prison and his stripes. At last the question of ransom was settled. The friends of the Erbach family met in council, and discussed various ways of raising money and negotiating for the Count's release, and using influence with the Porte through Dutch merchants and through the Emperor. Meantime the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta bought out the whole party for a lump sum, and they were detained in Malta for a few months longer, till the sum was paid in fair proportion by their several families.

This was the great incident in Count George's life, the only thing that could properly be called an adventure. The truth is, that the book is rather a book of information than a story of adventure. It would be out of place in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Adventure Series." Count George had an inquiring mind, and seems to have had the knack of encountering communicative but occasionally prosy persons, who plied him with details of institutions, buildings, dresses, manners, and customs. The centre of the book really is the account of the Knights of St. John as they were in theory at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is claimed for the author, by Her Royal Highness the translator, that his narrative is compiled from the archives of the Erbach family. We imagine that this applies only to the bare facts of Count George's movements and his expenses; the author could hardly have found in those archives all that he tells us about the Order of St. John and the Barbary corsairs. If the young traveller really kept such copious notes of his conversations, the documents should be worth publishing in their original form. The work as it stands is put exactly at its right value by the translator when she expresses a hope that it may prove interesting to "those who have followed the history of the Order of St. John." It is the theory, the ideal, of the Order that is given, but this is fully and carefully presented. Her own part of the work the translator seems to have done excellently; the English is simple, straightforward, and readable.

THREE VOLUMES OF VERSE.

1. Songs and Verses. By Thomas Rae. With a Preface by Andrew Lang. Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable. 1890.
2. In Middle Harbour, and Other Verse—Chiefly Australian. By Thomas Heney. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.
3. Whisper! By Frances Wynne. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

It is impossible to criticise the "Songs and Verses" of Thomas Rae in the same way that one would criticise a volume written by a living writer under ordinary circumstances. Mr. Andrew Lang, in a most kindly and sympathetic preface, tells the story of Thomas Rae, an invalid, who died before the age of twenty-one. These verses were one of the few occupations possible to him. It would, indeed, be unfair to condemn work written at so early an age; originality is generally developed later than the desire to write. It was Thomas Rae's wish that Mr. Lang should see that his verses were published; and it has been done. The volume may at least, as Mr. Lang points out, serve as a relic to those who knew him of a "tender, kindly, and much-enduring spirit"; and many of the verses have an interest quite apart from poetical merit to those who have only read of him in the preface to this book.

There is much which is good and impressive in "In Middle Harbour" in spite of all its faults. Its author has not at present the least notion, apparently, of how to write smooth and readable verse. He hardly seems to understand the limitations of

the English language. There are some absurdities in the book from which an ordinary sense of humour might have saved him. And, as he was unable to correct his own proof-sheets, it is possible that the verse does not always represent him at his best. But he writes with freedom and vigour of a land which is to the average Englishman unknown, and much of the verse has consequently the double charm of spirit and novelty. He can sketch a vivid picture in a few forcible words, and he writes with courage, finding poetry where many of our modern verse-writers would hardly dare to look for it. His sonnets are not good. But with education and practice we think that he might produce a volume which would be a very pleasant change from the tasteful exercises of the imitative faculty of which we have so much now-a-days.

"Whisper!" is an average volume of modern verse. There are stray lines in it which are brilliantly descriptive; there are more which are echoes or platitudes. The following lines are perhaps the silliest in the book:—

> "He's half an hour late,
> No longer I shall wait.
> Hark, there's the garden gate!
> Love, is this you at last?
> Ah, do not be downcast—
> I knew the clocks were fast."

This kind of thing is, we believe, sometimes endured in a drawing-room song, but it is intolerable in a book. There is an affected winsomeness about it which is irritating. However, the author does not always descend to this level. The summer goes with the swallows, or the fleecy clouds are drifting, or some other less poignant subject offers itself.

RECENT FICTION.

1. New Grub Street. By George Gissing. Three vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1891.
2. An American Duchess. By W. Fraser Rae. Three vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.
3. The Richest Merchant in Rotterdam. By A. N. Homer. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1891.

"I HAVE thought," says one of the authors who figure in Mr. Gissing's new novel, "of a new way of putting it. What I really aim at is an absolute realism in the sphere of the ignobly decent. The field, as I understand it, is a new one; I don't know any writer who has treated ordinary vulgar life with fidelity and seriousness. Zola writes deliberate tragedies; his vilest figures become heroic from the place they fill in a strongly imagined drama. I want to deal with the essentially unheroic, with the day-to-day life of that vast majority of people who are at the mercy of paltry circumstance." One cannot but believe that in these words Mr. Gissing is expressing his own aims. A reviewer in one of the daily papers, in speaking of "The Nether World," accused Mr. Gissing of the realism of Zola, and of the purity, in thought and language, of Miss Yonge. Setting aside the magnificent humour of a comparison between Mr. Gissing and Miss Yonge, we believe that the reviewer spoke truly; and what was said then of "The Nether World" may be said again of "New Grub Street." In it Mr. Gissing has portrayed the ignobly decent, and he has done so with exact and merciless truth. He takes the provincial reader behind the scenes and shows him the lower ranks of authorship, the making of books, the bitterness of failure, and—as not infrequently happens—the unworthiness of success.

It is difficult to write a criticism of such a book, because in its own pages the author has practically written his own criticism. He writes with knowledge. He knows at just what places in these three volumes the average reviewer is likely to look round for a pencil to make a note of a weak point; and he is careful to show him, quite plainly and patiently, that it is not such a weak point after all. He abstains from writing the rancorous nonsense about reviews with which some authors have made us familiar, but he lets us see that he knows all our little tricks. He knows all our pet phrases and catchwords, and probably can make allowances for them. It is not easy to invent a fresh synonym for "conventional" every week; and if the thing could be done, and done well, it would be worth little. There is no need, in this instance, to use either the word or a synonym. Mr. Gissing has not come to the end of his originality yet. His characters are "essentially unheroic"; his story is not the less pathetic because the characters who fail are lovable rather than strong, and those who succeed are not so much villainous as mean and selfish. He paints in sombre colours; he cares nothing for the conventional woman in a scarlet cloak, for the hero of regulation brightness and brilliancy. He has written of things which are sordid and dull; and, because he is an artist, he has made them interesting, affecting, impressive. He is true; he is convincing; but he seems to know what William Hunt knew when he told the pupils in his studio, "Things made to look exactly 'like' would be so hideous that you couldn't sit in the room with them." It is the subject and not the treatment in "New Grub Street" which is dull and sordid. Mr. Gissing's writing is bright and strong, his humour is delightful, and his satire is easy and yet restrained.

"The art of fiction," says M. Paul Bourget in the current number of *The New Review*, "is the art of imagining and depicting persons." His definition would exclude a considerable portion of such works as "An American Duchess," for many of the characters are depicted, but not imagined. Mr. Fraser Rae has veiled, very thinly, the personalities of several well-known living people. For instance, Mr. "Waterloo Lighthart" is an author, bright and clever. He objects to having his surname spelt with an "e"; he never dines out, he is addicted to smoking, and he is quite willing to laugh at himself. It is hardly necessary to name the original of the character. There is very much of this kind of thing in the book. On the whole, it is less ill-natured than some of Mr. Mallock's sketches from life, though perhaps also less witty. There is a large class of readers who find this kind very much to their taste, and Mr. Fraser Rae's book will doubtless be read by them with pleasure. He writes with great knowledge of affairs and, it seems to us, with a regard for the manner of Anthony Trollope. Much of the book is interesting; but, as frequently happens in novels of place and politics, there is too little purely human interest. The early history of Captain Roker provides us with a little of it, and is perhaps one of the most impressive things in the book; but most of the characters are too suave and well-bred to have emotions. The story is a pendant to "Miss Bayle's Romance," and is prefaced by some particulars concerning characters who appear in both books. Like most three-volume novels, it would have been better if it had been shorter.

"The Richest Merchant in Rotterdam" was also, in all probability, one of the most villainous characters of his day in Rotterdam or anywhere else. This book is concerned with his machinations, their fruitless success, and his melodramatic end. The merchant himself seems to us to be well created; but much of his story involves incidents and situations which have already been used too frequently. There is some skill in the way in which the author, while hinting what it is that the merchant wishes to get, makes his plan for getting it seem at first about the least suitable that could have been selected. In placing the scene of the story at Rotterdam a distinct point is gained; the scenery is so new to the reader of average fiction that one almost forgets that some of the story is so old. And much of the descriptive writing in the book is good. It is, on the whole, quite as interesting as the average fiction of the day, but shows no very marked quality.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

More than half a century has elapsed since the last entry was written, in a trembling, girlish hand, in the "Journal of Emily Shore," and yet, save to a narrow circle, that record of observation and experience has remained unknown to all the world till now. Emily Shore was the daughter of a country clergyman, and died of consumption, in her twentieth year, as far back as 1828, at Madeira. She was brought up in a refined, secluded home, and her father and his books were her only teachers. When still quite a child she displayed great enthusiasm for natural history, and to the close of her brief, tranquil life this remained her master-passion. She knew the birds and flowers of her district, and made her observations as a naturalist with a skill and exactness which would not have done discredit to White of Selborne. It is more than hinted in these pages that the girl naturalist developed the seeds of consumption by her ardent quest of knowledge at dawn and sunset in the field and woodlands. Emily Shore kept regularly all through her teens a journal, and the modest volume before us consists of passages from it. She lived much alone, and built for herself fairy castles in the realm of imagination; but she was always a practical, warm-hearted girl, who never posed either as an invalid or as a genius, and was singularly loyal to those about her and eager to discharge the lowly duties of life. She makes some charming confessions about her literary aspirations, and does so without a touch of self-consciousness. She lived before the days of short-cuts to knowledge, and, therefore, sat down before she was twelve and made for herself an elaborate analysis of the history of the Jews; then she turned her attention in the same way to the annals of Greece, Rome, and England. She wrote fiction, made poetry—there are some touching samples of her skill in this direction in the volume—translated Xenophon, and undertook at fifteen to make the "Shade of Herodotus" acquainted with the social upheavals which have occurred in the world since his time. Emily Shore's literary and social verdicts are often surprisingly shrewd, witty, and clever, and yet the girl is not in the least bit a blue-stocking. She led a sweet, wholesome, natural life—far removed from, and leagues above, that of the contemporary girl of the period—and no one can read many pages of this delightful book without being impressed with the real ability, as well as the goodness, of the writer.

People who care to acquaint themselves with the opinions of the Rev. H. R. Haweis on "The Broad Church"—and incidentally on the High and Low—will find them duly recorded in a volume, the title of which we have just quoted. Theology, at all events in its speculative aspects, is a subject with which, in this column, we do not care to intermeddle, and therefore we leave Mr. Haweis to the tender mercies, or the sacrificial knife, as the case may be, of the specialist whom the editor keeps in ambush. It is enough to say that our first impressions of the volume are the reverse of complimentary. Mr. Haweis discusses the deepest and most solemn problems of the Christian faith with distressing smartness. The tone of the book is oracular, and, in our judgment, reverence is certainly not its keynote. It is true that the walls of Jericho were brought down in ancient times by a flourish of trumpets, but we do not think that the walls of Zion can be built up in these days by a recourse to similar methods. "There is really no reason," declares Mr. Haweis, "why the Broad and High should not draw much closer together in heart and work than has hitherto been the case." Our only comment on this statement can be expressed in the third word of the above sentence uttered interrogatively. As for the poor Evangelicals, it is well that they should know that though Mr. Haweis' gate is both broad and high, they are excluded from its portals—in witness whereof it is written: "As long as the Evangelicals remain essentially unhistorical and ignorant, they must be left out in the cold." We rashly imagined, until we read Mr. Haweis' wonderful deliverance, that the Evangelicals could give—alike in the historical realm, and in the domain of contemporary scholarship—a tolerably good account of themselves. But this is a point which we leave to the "higher criticism," if, indeed, it is inclined to take that or other of Mr. Haweis' assertions seriously.

The new edition of Dean Burgon's "Lives of Twelve Good Men" is sure to make its own welcome. The side-lights which the book throws on various phases of ecclesiastical and university life in England in the present century, and the picturesque vigour which marks the majority of its pen-and-ink portraits, render the work a significant contribution to modern biographical literature. The humour as well as the scholarship of the late Dean of Chichester is reflected in this fascinating and unconventional volume.

In bombastic and somewhat hectoring terms Mr. Mansel Weale undertakes to tell us "The Truth about the Portuguese in Africa." The substance of this odd and slightly incoherent book, we gather from the preface, was inflicted on a long-suffering audience in Bedford in the shape of lectures delivered in that town in January last. Mr. Weale gives us at the outset two or three select passages from his own autobiography. He tells us, for example, that as far back as the year 1860 he "refused, for the sake of that purchasable bauble, the Oxford degree of M.A., to swallow tests." Shaking the dust of England off his feet he "migrated to South Africa, where, if at that time there was little prospect of worldly profit, he hoped to be able to keep a good conscience and preserve a modest competence." Without stopping to tell us whether these aspirations were fulfilled, he proceeds to state that he spent eighteen years in the Dark Continent. During this period he "studied nature inclusive of human nature both black and white," and he flatters himself that "some of his observations helped to enlarge the imagination of scientific classifiers beyond what they believed it capable of." After this deliverance we are prepared to find that the book is a silly jumble, full of *ad captandum* statements, and clumsy attempts at facetiousness at the expense of Lord Knutsford, Mr. Goschen, Professor Drummond, and other people who are tolerably well able to take care of themselves. So far as our treatment of the Portuguese in Africa is concerned, Mr. Mansel Weale is of opinion that it can be summed up in the words—calumny and ingratitude. Unfortunately the truth about his book is that he utterly fails in its pages to justify the faith that is in him.

There is a slight dash of genuine humour about "The Greymare Romance." The story is supposed to have been told to a moonstruck young fellow lying stretched at full length one midsummer night on Barnes Common, meditating on his chances of winning the hand of the lady of his choice. The young donkey was unprosperously, if not quite hopelessly, in love, and to him in his dejection softly drew near another donkey—this time a four-footed one—who forthwith proceeded to recount in plaintive tones a tale of woe. It seems that when donkeys of these two kinds come face to face on the stroke of midnight, the long-eared one is allowed, for the space of one hour, the privilege of speech. In this case the opportunity was not lost, and the "Greymare Romance," which gives, on an unexpected field, a new illustration of the old saying that the course of true love never did run smooth, is the result. Mr. Ellis has drawn twenty-four droll pictures representing various stages in the life and adventures of the noble steed which the unhappy donkey of Barnes Common loved not wisely but too well. It is quite refreshing to be able to add that the little book has no moral.

In a prettily illustrated volume entitled "Decorative Electricity," Mrs. Gordon describes the most approved methods of introducing the electric light into English homes. The book abounds in practical hints, and in its preparation Mrs. Gordon has had the advantage of her husband's experience as consulting engineer to the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company. No aspect of the subject appears to have been overlooked, and the way in which dragons, cupids, storks, and the like, are compelled, as light-bearers, to be useful as well as ornamental, is worthy of woman's ingenuity. Mrs. Gordon thinks that it is about time that people dropped the monotonous reiteration of the remark that "Electric lighting is still in its infancy," and nobody, we think, will read these pages without seeing enough to give colour to the author's conclusion that the science of electricity has already grown to healthy manhood.

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* The Journal of Emily Shore. Portrait. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Crown 8vo.

The Broad Church; or, What is Coming. By H. R. Haweis, M.A. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

Lives of Twelve Good Men. By John William Burgon, B.D., late Dean of Chichester. New Edition, with Portraits. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. Royal 8vo.

The Truth about the Portuguese in Africa. By J. P. Mansel Weale. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo.

The Greymare Romance. By Edwin J. Ellis. Illustrated. London and Orpington: George Allen. 12mo.

Decorative Electricity. By Mrs. J. E. H. Gordon. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. Demy 8vo. (12s.)

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